

THE RADICAL.

AUGUST, 1871.

THE NEXT STEP IN POPULAR EDUCATION—LABOR SCHOOLS.*

SOME twenty-five years ago or more, the people of Massachusetts, and especially of the good city of Boston, took a delightfully self-complacent pride in their public schools. The beginning of their school system dated from the English foundations of the colony, when they fought the Indians with one hand and feruled the children with the other, having Old Testament warrant for both. All the wisdom of the commonwealth had been given to its perpetuation and improvement, and it was popularly supposed to be all that could be desired. The country was safe as long as every child had the primer and spelling-book, the boys went to the Latin School, and the young gentlemen were "fitted for college,"—a more important consideration than fitting for the work of life.

When princes of the blood came to our city, it was a current saying that they were shown "the common" and "the public-school children." One was arrayed in green, the other in white with blue sashes, and this display of beauty and intelligence was pointed out as the final triumph of republican institutions.

* Technical Instruction. Special Report of the Commissioners of Education. House of Representatives, Jan. 19. 1870. (Incomplete.)

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This honest pride was fast becoming so self-complacent and content, that we were in great danger of falling into a lazy routine in education which would leave us far behind other nations, as well as the actual needs of our people.

Horace Mann was the first to rouse us from this lethargy. Returning from his tour of observation in Europe, he made a comparison of our methods with those of foreign schools, and his sharp satire on our own stung us like the bite of the gad-fly. We were astonished and offended at hearing that absolute Prussia had a school system far more energetic and complete than our own, and the pride of our teachers rose in rebellion against the criticism upon their methods.

The war of pamphlets which followed will not soon be forgotten by any one whose unlucky destiny obliged him to read them all. Fortunately, if the teachers had the prejudices of the community on their side, Mr. Mann had the wit and literary skill on his. He used it lavishly. Old men and young maidens sat up till midnight to read his ringing sentences and sharp sarcasms, and criticism of the public schools became as much the fashion as indiscriminate praise had been before.

Now, since many years, in the columns of newspapers and magazines and from the lips of public speakers you gather the report that "our school system is a failure," that "popular education is doing more harm than good," that the schools are nurseries of vice and contamination instead of religion and virtue, and that they must be radically remodeled or entirely fail of their mission as a security for the welfare of the republic.

So indiscriminate and parrot-like is this denunciation that a public speaker of high reputation has been known to praise in schools of other regions, and hold up as examples to us, methods which have been in constant use here so long that they have ceased to be talked about.

Amid all this fault-finding, it is a comfort to see that the objections are so varied and opposite, and the remedies proposed so entirely different, that we may hope that we are not very far from the perpendicular, since it is very hard to tell on which side the building is going to fall.

This excessive criticism is of course trying to intelligent and

conscientious teachers, if their laborious lives allow time for reading it, and it is liable to obstruct the efforts of the friends of education ; but it is a better atmosphere than that of indiscriminate praise, as the cold northwest wind braces us to exertions more than the balmy gales of the south.

In the meantime the problem of our republican experiment has grown vaster and more complicated, and the question of popular education becomes every year more important. In our vastly extended territory we have people gathered from all quarters of the globe. Not only does all Europe send its representatives, but the Chinese swarm upon our western coast bringing their customs and institutions with them, and the Japanese sit side by side with our children at school. Then we have four millions of freedmen just arrived from the far-off land of slavery, more distant from our true commonwealth than the regions of Africa, and the new policy in regard to the Indian tribes, which refuses to exterminate them by war, brings them in to add another element to our civilization and another problem to our educators.

We smile at the questions agitated in England about denominational schools, when with us the problem is already so much wider. The old question so long agitated — can we keep our country and our public schools Protestant against the Catholic influence? — now takes a wider sweep, and we have to ask if the Bible is made a text-book of religion in the schools, can we keep out Confucius and the five commandments of Buddha?

The establishment of schools among the freedmen has brought up many questions, and Northern teachers have gone among them so unfettered by restraints that many good methods have originated or been tested anew. Still in many cases they do but repeat our early mistakes. We often ask, must these new comers go the same long, difficult road that we have passed over? Must they have the long sessions, the dry learning by rote, the dictionary lessons and the catechism, the abstract, weary grammar lessons, the routine ciphering, the monotonous reading, and above all the crowded, ill-ventilated schoolrooms, which we fondly hoped might now be consigned to oblivion? All these abuses may be found in some of the schools even of

the Northern societies, and the Southern white schools recall many a horror of the old-fashioned district school.

And yet there is, as we have said, rich promise in these schools in the element of freedom, which does not belong to our older system. The Northern visitor is often astonished at the richness of thought and grandeur of expression in the compositions of these scholars in comparison with the hackneyed, uninteresting themes of Northern pupils of the same age. Thought and literary expression is a new pleasure to them, and their expressions are full of that nearness to nature and to the facts of their own consciousness which charm us in the early literature of all nations.

Another influence that may modify our school system is the tendency to centralization produced by the dangers of our civil war. The State now imposes laws upon the towns, and we are looking with interest to the decision of Congress on the passage of a bill enabling the general government to have some control over education in the states. At any rate we have now a central Bureau of Education which may do much for the general improvement of the schools. Its first secretary, Mr. Barnard, has given us a portion of the result of his labors in a voluminous and interesting pamphlet. Laboring as he did under very great disadvantages from want of means, and want of co-operation in his work, he has gathered together a mass of valuable information in regard to European schools and presented it in very convenient form. We may gather many useful lessons from its pages. We hope the able and energetic officer who succeeds him will be able to begin where he left off, and give us the practical fruits of his labors.

It becomes, then, of great national importance that the public mind should be fully enlightened on the subject, and, if there exist a great want in our common-school system, that we should inquire carefully as to its extent and direction and the means by which it can be supplied.

But it is by no means too easy rightly to adjust all the considerations which must be kept in view in seeking to improve our school system. One demands that instruction should be confined to fewer topics, and those be taught so thoroughly as to

ensure accurate habits of thought : another wishes greater freedom and a wide range of topics. One objects to long sessions, and another to allowing children leisure to run about the streets ; one thinks that the schools should be small, and the same teacher should carry the pupil through his whole course ; another thinks that large schools are more economical, and their exact grading and organization favorable to progress.

Then the tax-payers must be consulted ; and just as teachers are demanding higher salaries and better apparatus to bring their schools up to a higher point of perfection, comes an outcry that the schools of Boston cost more per head than those of other cities, and he will best deserve the thanks of the public who diminishes their expenses.

Let us hope that "in a multitude of counsellors there is safety ;" for in that case our schools are certainly in no danger.

But amid all this outcry, often senseless and contradictory, at least one point has been steadily growing in importance to the minds of thoughtful friends of education. They feel that it is a point which must be regarded if our school system is to continue to be, not "better than none at all," for that it has always been, but equal to the wants of our time, and a satisfactory basis for our free institutions.

It seems to be the same discovery that we are making in regard to religion. Formerly religion was thought to be best attended to when it was kept as sacredly as possible apart from common work and common duties. Now we are learning that it is worth little or nothing if it cannot take its place amid the daily toil and busy life of the street, the market, and the household. So of education : the educated man and the practical man were considered to form two distinct classes. "He would work the best," it was thought, "who studied books the least, and he would study best who had nothing to do with manual work."

Such extreme ideas come from that peculiar law of human nature which secures balance only by constantly disturbing the equilibrium. Our walking is perpetual falling, first all the weight on one foot, then on the other. When we change steadily and rapidly we get on very nicely. So we have to throw all

the emphasis now on this side, now on that, to secure any progress in morals or education.

When Luther was anxious to establish schools, he found himself obliged to argue that they would not prevent young people from working. He says in an address to the Councilmen of all the towns of Germany, A.D. 1824, "And I ask no more than this, viz., that boys shall attend upon such schools as I have in view an hour or two a day, and none the less spending their time at home, or in learning some trade, or doing what you will. Thus both these matters will be cared for together."

So our fathers, pressed by the urgent necessities of daily life, had to fight for the college and the school, and prove that the community would not suffer loss by allowing a portion of their children to give their best time and strength to study.

Now among certain classes intellectual life is so much overrated that we must argue for the benefits of work, and bring out the great truth that a purely intellectual education will not ensure even the best mental results, but that the toughening process of labor is necessary to give vigor to the brain and precision to the reasoning powers.

Then, too, as life becomes richer and more complicated, we cannot afford to waste labor in crude, unintelligent processes. With the demand now made for all humanity that it shall share the highest culture and enjoyment, and shall do its own thinking and voting and praying, we can no longer spare time for clumsy, wasteful labor.

When but one man out of five hundred was expected to have fine clothes and good food, pictures, and books, and the others were to support him, while themselves consuming the least that would keep them alive, it was possible to get along with rude tillage and slow hand labor; but when every man is to have a share of these luxuries, work must be raised to a higher power by a union with intelligence, or it cannot answer the demand. When an English workman is asked to put his children to school, he says, "I cannot spare their work." The American parent, if urged to set his boys and girls to work, answers, "I must keep them at school."

So it appears that the great question of to-day in regard to

the progress of the people is how to reconcile the claims of education and work.

The economist must be shown that the time given to education will return a fair interest in the value it gives to labor, and the idealist must be brought to confess that the intellectual training of the young will be made more thorough and efficient from being as soon as possible put to the test of actual work.

It is curious to see an estimate of the value of education in pounds, shillings, and pence, and yet it is entirely possible so to represent it. Mr. Chadwick, for instance, considers a pauper child as an investment of one hundred and eighty pounds sterling of capital! If he grow up a pauper, a mendicant, or thief, living to the average age of forty years, he will have cost four hundred pounds sterling to the State, for which he has made no return. As under the old system only one out of three of the paupers turned out good for anything, there was an actual expense to the community of eight hundred pounds sterling for every three pauper children.

And we must remember that the child of rich parents, consuming more and doing nothing in return for its support, really impoverishes the community at even a more rapid rate.

Again, an eminent manufacturer says, "I would not take less than seven thousand pounds sterling for my whole set of workmen in exchange for the uneducated, ill-trained and ill-conditioned workmen of the manufacturer opposite. We find that the steadiness of the educated men induces steadiness of work, and a comparative certainty in the quality and quantity of the produce."

Two grand experiments are now in progress which aim to solve this question of the relation of school and work. Both are more advanced in Europe than here, and yet we have some promising beginnings which show that the public mind is awakening to the importance of the subject.

These experiments are the technical and labor schools of various kinds, supported either by government or private beneficence in all the foremost nations of Europe, and to some extent here also, and the half-time schools which have been in operation for more than ten years in England, and have

been lately introduced into at least one of our manufacturing towns.

An English teacher says, "Instead of sacrificing productive industry, at any stage of working ability, to the convenience of the school and the school-teacher, . . . I believe it to be thoroughly right as well as necessary that the convenience of the school-teacher and of the school should at every stage be made subordinate to the fair demands of labor."

These two classes of schools seem to supplement each other, and to fill up the gap which has been left vacant in our exclusively intellectual common-school system. The technical school, by giving a definite direction to intellectual study, tends to strengthen and clear the reasoning faculties, and gives the necessary stimulus to the growing mind of the sense of use in its pursuits. By giving a higher intellectual value to manual labor, it raises the industrial pursuits higher in the social scale, and secures to them recruits from the class whom easy circumstances will permit to continue their preparatory studies to mature age.

It would be impossible to give any detailed account of these schools in an article of reasonable length, nor is it necessary. From the famous *Ecole Polytechnique* at Paris, for which we are indebted to the practical genius of Napoleon I., to our own admirable Technological Institute, their existence and value is well known to us.

Believing that what is true in theory must be good in practice, they aim to give a liberal scientific education as a basis for useful employment, with such special application as is necessary to the most important of the higher branches of industrial work.

Mr. Barnard's report is full of interesting information concerning these schools and the good results they have accomplished in improving the arts and manufactures of their respective countries. Nor is the process so slow as might be supposed. It needs only the effect on one generation to be plainly perceptible. According to Mr. J. Scott Russell of England, fifteen years of instruction in design has made a marked change in the excellence of textile fabrics.

Still nearer to practical life are the Real Schools, or Labor

CONCERNING THE MANAGEMENT
OF THE
Boston Young Men's Christian Association.

Mr. Hatch's affair, lately mentioned in the newspapers, has some rather curious features.

Being a Unitarian minister, he was, of course, interested in an organized effort to bring the young men of Boston "under moral and religious influences."

Holding the form of Christianity called "liberal," he found himself attracted to the Boston Young Men's Christian Association by the declaration, emphasized by capital letters (page 2 of their printed manual), — "This Society is wholly UNSECTARIAN in its character."

The announcement that this Society maintained a "FREE READING ROOM" (page 1 of their printed manual), was an additional inducement to join, and help in so good an undertaking.

So Mr. Hatch went to the office, expressed his desire to become a member, and asked what were the conditions of membership.

The printed manual was handed to him, and there (top of page 2) he read:

"HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

"ANY Young Man may become a member for one year by calling at the rooms, and paying one dollar."

So Mr. Hatch paid his dollar, and received the following certificate of membership : —

"BOSTON, JANUARY 6th, 1871.

"Received of Mr. J. L. Hatch one dollar, which constitutes him a member of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association for one year.

"L. P. ROWLAND."

Thus, by the testimony and autograph of the Society's Corresponding Secretary, Mr. Hatch was now a member.

That is to say — for it began to appear that the use of language by the managers of this society was a little peculiar — Mr. Hatch found that he belonged to one or the other of *two classes* of members.

Though all are admitted on the same condition, and by the same certificate (above quoted), they are classified, on entrance, into “active members” or “associate members.”

“Active members” may vote, hold office if elected, and assist otherwise in transacting the business of the Association. As the Association is unsectarian, every “active member” *must* belong to a church classed as “evangelical.”

“Associate members” are those who do *not* belong to a church classed as “evangelical.” Of course, as the Association is unsectarian, these members cannot vote, or hold office, or take any other part in the transaction of Society business; but any other rights or privileges of membership seem, according to the printed manual, to be freely open to them.

Mr. Hatch was rather surprised to find that Unitarianism was a bar to active membership in an “UNSECTARIAN” Association. But he accepted the situation, and went on to use such of its opportunities as seemed to be allowed to a mere “associate member.”

He occasionally went to the “Free Reading Room,” occasionally attended those prayer-meetings of the Association to which everybody is invited, and occasionally complied with the general request (always given by the leader of those meetings), that any one present would take part in them by speech or prayer. He also distributed tracts in the passage leading to the rooms, as other members of the Association did.

After a while, brother Rowland, the Secretary, asked him not to distribute tracts there, though the other members went on with *their* distribution. It appeared that these particular kinds of tracts — some published by the Unitarian Association, and others “intended to teach religion without superstition” — were deemed inappropriate for an Association “UNSECTARIAN in character.”

Mr. Hatch did not see this inference to be a sound one, but he courteously consented to oblige brother Rowland, and thenceforth distributed his tracts on the sidewalk in front of the Tremont Temple.

Then brother Rowland requested him not to speak in the prayer

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meetings. No specification was given of any error of language or manner on his part, but it seemed to be thought inappropriate that a man of his sentiments should speak in a free meeting conducted by a Society "wholly unsectarian."

After a while brother Rowland told Mr. Hatch to discontinue that distribution of tracts which he was making in Tremont street, in front of Tremont Temple. If it were continued, he would send a policeman to stop it. Brother Rowland did not quote any law, either of the State or city, against giving away tracts in the streets, but he seemed to think it inappropriate that *such* tracts as those above specified should be given away in front of a building in which rooms were hired by an Association "wholly unsectarian in its character."

After a while, brother Rowland caused a letter to be sent to Mr. Hatch, telling him that he was *not a member* of the Association. The Standing Committee had so decided. Their ground for so deciding was the following extract from Sec. 12 of Art. IV. (p. 5 of the printed manual), describing the duties and powers of that Committee: —

"The Librarian shall report to the Committee, at each regular meeting, the names of all new members; the admission of applicants being subject to the revision of the Committee at any regular meeting."

To be sure, Mr. Hatch was a "member," not an "applicant," on the written testimony of brother Rowland himself. But, considering the importance of careful regulation of the membership in a Society "wholly unsectarian," — and considering that Mr. Hatch, preferring his religion unmingled with superstition, held "views" on that subject different from the "views" of the Standing Committee, it was obviously convenient to consider him as only an applicant; and indeed, as "backsliding," theoretical or practical, occasionally takes place among members, it may be convenient to consider them all as permanently remaining "applicants"; so that, in case of desire for their removal, such removal may at any time be ordered by the Standing Committee, without reason assigned. At any rate, the By-Laws, as now expressed, permit this course to be taken "at *any* regular meeting," with *any* member to whom the Committee may take a dislike, just as much as with Mr. Hatch.

A while after, brother Rowland forbade Mr. Hatch to enter the

Free Reading Room at all, either for the purpose of reading, or to attend those daily prayer meetings to which the whole public are invited.

Since, however, the printed manual mentioned brother Rowland as Corresponding Secretary only, and not as Dictator, Mr. Hatch continued to act as if the Reading Room were really "free," and as if his certificate of membership meant what it said. But on going in, one day, while in the act of taking a newspaper to read, he was seized by brother Rowland and another person, and forcibly put out of the room.

Somehow or other, Mr. Hatch thought himself wronged by this train of proceedings.

1. He thought he had a general right quietly to make use of the "Free Reading Room."

2. As a member of the Association which established the Free Reading Room, he thought he had a special as well as a general right there.

3. If he was to be deprived of the membership which, by the written testimony of brother Rowland, he had once possessed, he thought it should be by action of the Association, and for specified cause, and after being heard in his own defence.

4. He found neither in the By-Laws of the Association, nor elsewhere, any authority of the Secretary to assault him.

These things being so, he entered complaint for this assault in the Municipal Court, bringing witnesses who proved it, and exhibiting also his certificate of membership.

The Judge ruled that

1. The propriety of the forcible expulsion [from the "Free Reading Room!"] depended entirely upon whether the person expelled was a member of the Association.

2. That Mr. Hatch was not a member.

3. That, therefore, the defendants be discharged.

From this decision, it seems, there can be no appeal.

The moral effect of all this appears to be, that substantial and permanent membership, either active or associate, in the Boston Young Men's Christian Association, requires one condition not expressed in their By-Laws, namely, to keep on the right side of brother Rowland.

Schools, in which not only theoretic knowledge is given, but it is directly applied to practice, either by scholars already engaged in their respective trades, or by having a workshop attached to the school. Here comes in a minute division of labor, and the object of the school is very much determined by the character of the industry in its immediate neighborhood. For instance, we have a "Mechanics and Weaving School" at Brünn, Austria, Forest Schools at Mariabrunn and Pibraun in the same country, schools for watch-making and straw-braiding at Baden, wood-carving, practical farming, forestry, and mould-making in Bavaria, the construction of machines and mining in Brunswick, for mechanicians, chemists, and smelters, and ship-builders in Prussia, also various schools for weaving, for mines, &c., for agriculture and horticulture, for stone-cutting, among other things, in Saxony, for farming in Würtemberg, and for watch-making, lace-making, and ribbon-designing, among minor matters, in France.

In this country we have the Free Institute of Industrial Science at Worcester, which aims to unite some of the excellences of both these classes of schools, the Cornell College, and various schools in which work is done as a means of lessening the expense of the institution. At Worcester, the work is specially on iron. Then we have the various agricultural schools, and some experiments for women in horticulture. While it is admitted by English authorities that our public-school system has already given our workmen greater value than those of England, our own mechanics are awakened to the necessity of special education for manual trades. The abandonment of the old apprenticeship system renders it absolutely necessary that some other means should be found for securing skilled labor. The demand for boys educated at the Worcester school, which makes it very difficult to retain them there as long as is desirable for their education, shows that master-workmen set a high value upon this training.

At the Hampton Agricultural Institute for freedmen, instruction is given and work done in the field, but the object is different, the manual labor being subordinate, as at the Holyoke Seminary, to the main object of fitting pupils to become teachers.

These are valuable experiments, but schools for training workmen have a different range. Manual skill is the express aim of the school, and not preparation for the life of a missionary or a teacher; and this strict adaptation to use is necessary to thorough training in any department. A true education does not require that a pupil should do all sorts of things, but that, with general intelligence and culture, he should select something to do, and do it thoroughly. He will then appreciate all other good work.

But there is a large class, immense in number in Europe, especially in England and France, and of increasing importance in our own country, to whom even these schools will bring no immediate help. It is that class which must fight with both hands to keep the wolf poverty from their doors, and who cannot spare the labor of their children, poor as it is, to let them attend school even up to the age of thirteen or fourteen years, still less for the longer period requisite for a thorough technical education. How can the problem of simultaneous education and labor be solved for them? When the English Parliament passed laws providing schools for children, the father answered, "I cannot spare the children's work; the spelling-book will not put bread into their mouths." To give six or eight hours a day to school seemed impossible. Then the experiment was tried of shortening the hours of school and so dividing the day between work and study. The English Commission appointed to examine this subject give the most satisfactory results. Teachers of the schools freely gave their evidence that three hours per day is quite as long as young children can be profitably employed in school in intellectual exercises. After that time their attention flags, and whatever is accomplished is gained by waste of the vital and mental energies. So half-time schools were established, that is, schools for three or four hours' time — so arranged that the children could attend them, and yet work in the mills from six to eight hours, which is quite as much and more than a child ought to work. The result as given by many manufacturers and teachers before the Commission is perfectly satisfactory in both directions. The teachers all state that the pupils' progress in study is very nearly

or quite equal, in some respects superior, to that of those children who give their whole time to school. Some say that the real development of mind is greater, from the strict habits of attention required.

This is the estimate of the amount of education which may be imparted on the half-time school system to the laboring man's child, — to every male child in the country by the time it is demanded for some productive service, viz., about the tenth year: —

“Reading intelligently, with a thorough understanding of the sense of such matter as is given them in the school to read, and with a clear expression of the ideas, with a clear handwriting and habits of the correct spelling of words; in arithmetic to fractions and decimals, with a good understanding of the principles of arithmetic and a general aptitude for applying them.

“To these would be added some education of the hand and eye in drawing for handicrafts, and practice in vocal music for psalmody or an education of the ear; also, the bodily training or such aptitude for labor and service as are imparted by systematized gymnastics, including swimming, the drill, and with the drill the mental habits implied by the term “discipline,” viz., duty, order, prompt obedience to command, self-restraint, punctuality, patience.”

On the other hand, the manufacturers find their account in the increased intelligence and good behavior of the little work people, so that it is now very common to give the preference to half-timers, or those who go to school, over those children who ask to work all day. Sometimes the employers prefer that the sessions should be on alternate days, but in general this plan is not thought to work so well as that of having short sessions every day. This method has been adopted even in the agricultural districts, where it is less easy of adoption than in manufactories, and with good success.

The necessity of some such arrangement forced itself on the minds of the freedmen's teachers without any knowledge of the English experiment. Starting in his new career with only his own hands to aid him, and with rude notions of labor, the freedman needed the work of his whole family to gain the bare

necessaries of life, and it seemed almost impossible to have any regular attendance at school when the children were perpetually called away to tend baby, or mind corn, or at certain seasons to work all day in the fields.

The old New England system of summer and winter sessions was impossible while the teachers went from the North and were obliged to return every summer. Some of the teachers therefore planned a half-time arrangement. The school-bell was rung at the usual time, but a certain class were excused until a later hour. At twelve it was again rung, when the little ones went out to take their turn at work in the fields or the house, while fathers and mothers and elder brothers and sisters came into the school. So, in the cities, certain pupils took their lessons in the afternoon or evening, being required to attend then with the same punctuality with which others came to the morning session. There was no half-time for the teachers in this arrangement.

One of our large manufacturing companies is already trying this experiment with their operatives, and is well satisfied with the results thus far.

Mr. Chadwick states that, by the careful organization of the schools, the same results in elementary teaching may be gained at the tenth year as had been acquired at the thirteenth; and then he goes on to say, "The gain in time from six or five to three hours of daily school attendance, and from six to three years, is not the sole or the most important gain achieved in the large separate schools by the division of educational labor and the application of the half-time principle. A boy who had acquired the same amount of knowledge in one-half the time of another boy must have obtained a proportionately superior habit of mental activity."

So that manufacturers have learned to prefer "short-timers" to "long-timers."

Another important form of half-time teaching is the Sunday or Holiday School as carried on in many places in Germany. In this country, where, owing to the separation of Church and State, and the mutual jealousy of sects, the (so-called) religious instruction is happily reduced to a minimum in the schools, it is,

with few exceptions, the exclusive business of the Sunday-school ; but on the European continent, where religious instruction has its allotted hours even in the technical and labor schools, on Sundays the instruction is of the most thoroughly practical character, giving the workman the knowledge of drawing and other branches useful in his craft. It is not, perhaps, necessary here to give the Sunday to actual manual work, and we fear there is no hope of our giving too much time to ideal and spiritual culture ; but why should music be the only sacred art ? Why should not drawing and painting be introduced into our Sunday-schools for poor children who have no other opportunity for learning it ? What art so directly leads to a reverent observation of nature ? What would give such constant delight to children, and enchain their attention more fully ? We lately heard of a preacher in a Western town who occupied the schoolhouse and illustrated his sermons on the black-board. We do not believe he complained much of sleepy audiences.

Our evening schools do something to supply the wants of the class reached by these Sunday and holiday schools, and the arrangements made by the city last winter to teach drawing to workmen promise great usefulness. Mr. Barnard's report contains a great deal of valuable information in regard to early instruction in drawing, which shows that we can hardly over-estimate its importance. It is difficult to find sufficient time for it in the daily public session, but it ought to be secured in some way to every child.

There is another period of time which might be made more useful to children, and that is the summer vacation. This long period of seven, eight, or nine weeks in summer may be very necessary to the overworked teacher, and may be made both agreeable and profitable to children by judicious parents who can give them the advantages of travel or out-door studies and industries. But children ought not to need so long a period of rest ; and the children of the working classes too often roam about the streets, tempted into mischief by idleness, and gaining neither health nor pleasure. Some few seek and find occupation, but they usually need to be led to it.

A few hours per day spent in drawing or music, in sewing

with a machine, in carving wood, or other simple employments, would give that entire change of employment which is rest to a healthy child, and at the same time furnish it with the means of future enjoyment and usefulness.

But this question of labor schools is not without its difficulties, and it would be rash to suppose that all those reported by Mr. Barnard are thoroughly successful in their plans. Indeed, he suggests some of the questions which are still open in regard to them. We have not proved that those studies which will fit men to be savans, philosophers or artists can be successfully alternated with profitable manual labor. But this is not the important thing in a public school system for the masses. The first duty is to secure the best intellectual education to fit the embryo citizen for a practical usefulness. We must have scholars with special intellectual training. But it is by no means certain that even these would not be the gainers even in mental power, as well as physical health, from a more robust training in early youth. The astronomer must learn many things which are useless to the merchant or mechanic, and this higher education must be provided for. But every man need not learn the differential calculus. The community only needs that every man should have a sufficient breadth of intelligence to do his own work well, and to appreciate the labors of others, and be willing to do his part towards supporting whatever is demanded for the good of all. That this degree of intellectual progress can be secured as well or better in direct relation to work than when it is made the sole object of life is, we think, proved by the experience of the English half-time schools. As the youth approaches maturity he is rarely satisfied with the pleasure of intellectual exertion for its own sake, as he no longer, like the child, runs without object, or talks without meaning. He asks, *Cui bono?*—what is all this for?—and is stimulated to farther progress by the actual prizes of life far more than by those offered by the teacher. The want of this motive is always evident in all classes who have not a fair chance in the race of life. It was formerly said of the negro, "He will learn as well or better than a white boy up to a certain point of attainment, but he does not go beyond that, because he begins to see that his best endeavors will not

bring him the same result in wealth or social respect which the white boy can easily achieve. The same is true of women in comparison with men ; as soon as they begin to think about the use of their education, they feel that the career is not open to them, and their powers begin to flag at the very time when all circumstances stimulate the boy to renewed exertion.

The direct connection of education with labor will also improve the methods of study. When the time is short and precious the pupil will give his mind at once to his study, and acquire a power of prompt attention and entire application which is of great importance.

Again, while the English teachers claim that the same degree of progress can be secured in the half-time schools at an earlier age than in ordinary schools, it is also clear that the children of the working classes can be thus allowed to remain longer in school, and some studies can be postponed to a maturer age, at which they are more easily and thoroughly learned. Earnest teachers often feel that their pupils will pass out of their hands at an early age, and may never again enjoy intellectual advantages. They therefore hasten to give them, even before the fittest time, some knowledge of natural philosophy, or physiology, or the history, laws, and institutions of their country, some taste for literature or art, hoping that they may thus kindle a desire for information on these points, and at least give them a few just ideas with which to begin life. Could they hope to retain their pupils in school even for three hours per day up to eighteen years of age, they would give this instruction at such periods as it would be best received and appreciated.

But the great objection which will be urged against the wide introduction of technical and labor schools is their cost. It certainly costs less money to set children down on benches to study in books or cipher on slates than it does to provide them with work-shops and tools and materials to work with. This question presents a serious difficulty in our own country, where every improvement has to commend itself to the majority of the male portion of the tax-payers before it can be carried out. It is a very common idea that labor schools must be made self-supporting or they are failures. What would become of

our colleges and law and medical schools on the same ground? They should be proved to be economical in the long run, returning to the community, even in material gain, far more than they cost, before we can consider their support as justifiable; but the question of self-support should be always subordinate to that of thorough preparation for future work. In European countries these schools are mainly supported by the government, or are endowed with funds by private beneficence. In this country, with the partial exception of the agricultural schools, they have, as far as I can learn, always been established and supported by private individuals or societies, with very little help from the legislature.

This question of expense is always a serious one. It is certainly an evil to take another cent out of the citizen's pocket unless you are sure that you return him ample benefit for it. So large a portion of the community have little more than the necessities of life that a diminution of income brings a great decrease of comfort. But if it can be shown that the schools will increase the value of labor, will diminish the waste of material, and make every day's work of greater value than before, it is evident that, instead of a useless expense, this is a judicious and profitable investment of capital, sure to bring in abundant return.

Mr. James Nasuryth, the eminent mechanical engineer, and inventor of the steam-hammer, states, "Speaking from my own experience of working men, I am satisfied that, could we only pay more attention to educating the eye and bringing forth the often latent faculty of comparison, a most important benefit would result, not only to the workman, but to the perfection of the manufactures of the country.

"Nine-tenths of all the bad work and botches that occur in our own business of engineers and machine-makers results from the want of that mere power of comparison and 'correct eye' which is so rare amongst such class of workmen; not that the faculty is absent,—it is only dormant, having never been cultivated or educated as it ought to be."

This great question has also another relation of special interest to us just now. Does the same process of reasoning apply

to girls as to boys? Can we afford to lose half the labor of the community except in a few very restricted directions? Shall that labor be desultory and unskillful, or trained and efficient? Many minds are now exercised upon these problems, and more than one effort is making in the direction of Schools of Design, Horticultural Schools, and other work schools for women. That there are some peculiar difficulties in organizing the industrial education of women it would be vain to deny, but they can be met and overcome if the earnest attention of the friends of women's education is turned to the problem.

By the liberality of our late fellow-citizen, Mr. John Simmons, a grand opportunity is given for trying this experiment. He has bequeathed a large amount of property, which will be available in a few years, for the purpose of founding an institution in which to educate women for profitable industry. Unfettered by any theological or party restrictions, Mr. Simmons has left his bequest very free, trusting to the good sense of his executors to make the best use of the money in order to accomplish the desired object. The interval which must yet elapse before this fund can be used will give opportunity for thorough study and discussion upon this subject, so that it is to be hoped that this grand opportunity will be thoroughly and nobly used.

One other thought must conclude this imperfect essay. It has been the cry of critics of the public-school system, that, basing all instruction on the intellect, it does not improve the moral or religious nature. The European commissions invariably investigate with especial care the religious instruction in the schools. In France the schools for the people are mostly under the care of the clergy, and on the Continent they generally recognize the distinctive rights of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish churches to teach religion their own way. But in what does this teaching of religion consist? Mainly in lessons from the catechism, or explanations of the doctrines of the church, in Jewish history, and in the geography of Palestine. Now where is the charm in this instruction to make children better? Does the history of Solomon and David impress the moral nature more than that of Charles I. and Cromwell? Does the topography of Palestine inspire honesty and tenderness and sin-

cerity more than that of Belgium or Spain? It is certainly a remnant of fetichism to believe so. These things are interesting and valuable, but they have no more effect in moral training than any other studies.

But the early training of the labor schools, confined not to a few hours only, but extending through all the working hours, must establish habits of order and thrift and industry which do much towards purifying and elevating the moral nature. It is, in fact, an imitation of the divine moral training of the human race of which work is the first and greatest instrument. Nor is there wanting direct testimony to the value of such industrial training on the morals of a community. Even the physical training of these schools has a great value. One-half of the sin which is credited to the soul is due to the rebellion of the body against unnatural treatment. The greatest of moral and religious lessons is to teach a child to do something for the good of others, and to do it well; and this is the object of industrial training. So, while we have been searching afar off for the solution of this problem of religious and moral education, it has come to us, like so many other blessings, without observation, and we find as ever in God's world that good does not come single and alone, but in fruitful pairs which bring forth abundantly of yet greater good.

NOTES.— One common cause of the running away of apprentices is said to be the complaint that the labor is painfully severe to them, and this complaint is not wholly unreasonable. "At the commencement of some handicrafts the labor is peculiarly painful to boys who have had no physical training. The longer time boys are kept at the common school, engaged in long hours of exclusively sedantry occupation, the greater is their inaptitude and the pain at the commencement of sustained labor,—the longer the commencement of regular bodily exercise and moderate labor is delayed, the more severe and repulsive such labor is."

And Mr. Sufnell, in giving his testimony in regard to half-time schools, does not hesitate to say, "Yes, if I am given charge of such children,—i.e., pauper and vagrant classes,—I can with positive moral certainty ensure of the class, that, as a class, they shall never be vagrants or paupers again. This I can undertake positively."

Mr. Chadwick, in his letter to the English Educational Commission, thus states the moral results of the half-time system: "Whereas formerly, under parochial management and tuition by single untrained masters, and unsys-

tematized book instruction, solely given for long hours, scarcely more than one-third of the pupils were found in honest and productive occupations, the rest remaining dependent paupers, or being at large and living on the public as mendicants and depredators, — now, in the efficient larger separate or district schools, and half-school time, with physical training, the failures and the returns of poor orphans from places of work, on account of simple misconduct, are proved, upon close inquiry, not to exceed two per cent."

A considerable share of the moral success of the district half-time and other half-time industrial schools for the lowest class is due to aptitudes for labor, imparted by *the drill* and the habits of obedience, attention, order, and efficiency imparted by that training.

Since this essay was written, an interesting account of the half-time schools in England, and of their introduction at Indian Orchard, has been published in the Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor for 1871.

EDNAH D. CHENEY.

A FOOLISH WISH.

WHY need I seek some burden small to bear
Before I go?
Will not a host of nobler souls be here,
God's will to do?
Of stronger hands, unfailing, unafraid?
O silly soul! what matters my small aid
Before I go?

I tried to find, that I might show to them,
Before I go,
The path of purer lives: the light was dim, —
I do not know
If I had found some footprints of the way;
They will not heed; they care not what I say,
Before I go.

A Foolish Wish.

I sought to lift the little ones ; I said,
 " Before I go,
If I might help, in the good gardener's stead,
 One blossom grow !"
But I was weak ; oftentimes I stumbled, fell ;
They seek a stouter guide. Sweet souls, farewell,
 Before I go.

I would have sung the rest some song of cheer,
 Before I go ;
But still the chords rang false : some jar of fear,
 Some jangling woe.
The saddest is, I cannot weave one chord
To float into their hearts my last warm word,
 Before I go.

I would be satisfied if I might tell,
 Before I go,
That one warm word, — how I have loved them well
 Ah, loved them so !
And would have done for them some little good ;
Have sought it long ; still seek, — if but I could !
 Before I go.

'Tis a child's longing, on the beach at play :
 " Before I go,"
He begs the beckoning mother, " let me stay
 One shell to throw !"
'Tis coming night ; the great sea climbs the shore, —
" Ah, let me toss one little pebble more,
 Before I go !"

S.

THE LIFE WHICH NOW IS.

THE time is one of earnest questionings. All the great "open questions" are being asked with new enthusiasm; many, thought to be closed, are being reopened, and new questions profoundly interesting and important are being forced upon the attention of all thoughtful persons. Science and criticism are pushing forward their armies of observation in all directions, and are achieving results so brilliant, that even the bold are growing more confident, and nothing seems too rash for expectation. Researches in language, in chemistry, in geology, in astronomy, in botany and physiology, into the correlation and conservation of all the great physical forces, are being everywhere attended with the most gratifying results. Nothing is more characteristic of the time than the joyous satisfaction with which the men of science are ever returning from their quests, and going forth to fresh woods and pastures new. If these were the people, if these were everybody, the key-note of the time would ring with joy; the age would be one of the happiest the world has ever known.

But it is not, and because, for one matter, the men of science are not everybody, and everybody cannot share in their enthusiasm and elation. In truth their enthusiasm and elation, their calm or passionate joy, awakens but few echoes, and those faint and feeble, in the average heart of the community, which is not calm and confident, but agitated and distraught. Results which science considers gratifying are not so to the people at large, but rather humiliating and distressing. These look with suspicion and hatred on this terrible solvent, which is rapidly disintegrating and destroying the popular faiths, and reputations, and traditions. And not infrequently we find a man of science, who is at the same time a man of traditions, and who lives a strangely contradictory life, fondly endeavoring to build up with one hand what he is pulling down with the other, unraveling like Penelope by night the work that he has done by day, and so warding off a little longer the importunate ideas that like her importunate suitors seek him for their own.

So long as the question is one of Christianity, its origin in time, and its relation, natural or otherwise, to the human mind and to other forms of religion, a few may fence themselves against unpalatable conclusions with the assertion that the objections to the supernatural claims set up for Christianity are the same now as in the third and fourth centuries, when they were refuted as they will be again. But this is mere assertion, which no amount of repetition can make true, and he who offers it as argument does but betray the depth of his own ignorance or duplicity. The whole tone and spirit and method of the present investigation is different from that of the early centuries. For one fact then possessed by the disputants bearing upon the question, a hundred are now at their command. And even if the objections to the claims set up for a supernatural religion were exactly the same now as those of its early opponents, it would not follow that because they were powerless then, they would be equally so now. With the advance of knowledge many weak things have become strong. The success of an argument depends not only on its intrinsic quality, but also on the intelligence of the audience to which it is addressed. But not the least important difference between the earlier and later opponents of Christianity is this, that whereas the earlier opponents really imagined themselves to be such, and made no distinction between the essence and the accidents of the religion, its modern opponents, so called, do not for the most part allow that they are its opponents at all. Rather do they count themselves its truest friends, seeing that they do but wish to separate its transient accidents from its imperishable essence. As well might the gardener be called the enemy of his fruit-trees, because he seeks to rid them of the parasites that are sucking the life out of them. Enemies of Christianity! The opponents of the supernatural claims which mistaken zeal has set up for it are not the enemies of Christianity, but the enemies of its enemies, and its own truest friends. They have such confidence in the vitality of Christianity that they dare believe it will not only survive, but flourish more abundantly, when the cancer, which so long has tortured it, has been skilfully removed.

But the spirit of investigation is by no means limited to questions of this class. It pursues its way into domains common to all religionists, domains equally dear to supernatural and anti-supernatural Christians, or if not equally, then dearer to the anti-supernaturalist, since he cannot, in the event of losing natural proofs and certainties, fall back upon a supernatural tradition and authority. It is doubtless true that many anti-supernaturalists take a more anxious interest in the various questions now before the thinking world than their supernatural friends. These last flatter themselves that whatever happens, they are safe; not considering that the same sea which breaks in one place as natural science breaks in another place as the science of criticism; that the spirit which tries all things, even the deep things of God, has already tried their theories of supernatural revelation in the scales of its impartial justice, and found them sadly wanting.

Man is more deeply interested in his own origin and destination than in anything else, even the existence and character of God, except as this is bound up with the other; and it is in those investigations and theories which involve his origin and destination that we are now most deeply engaged, and are waiting for results with breathless interest. "Whence?" and "whither?"—these questions are now being asked by scientists and metaphysicians in the most fearless spirit, and in view of a much grander array of facts than has ever before assisted the investigation. There are men whose enthusiasm is so singly for the truth, that they pursue these studies, or contemplate their progress, without a particle of bias. They fear nothing so much as to believe a lie. Whatever the result of these investigations, they are certain that if true we can somehow conform ourselves to them, somehow make life with their help more noble and beautiful than it is now. These are men almost incapable of prepossession. But there are other men of different mould, good men and true, as good and true as these, but so convinced already of the truth and the importance of certain things against which these new theories and investigations seem to militate, that hardly anything in the way of argument could convince them of their truth and worth. In the view of these

men the dignity of human nature is at stake, and they are so sure of this, and so sure that it cannot agree with certain theories, that they insist that either one or the other must be given up. Either human nature is without dignity, or Darwin must be mistaken in his theory of man's origin and descent; and the materialists must be equally at fault in their demonstrations of the soul's death, if there be a soul, with the body. If Darwin is right, and the materialists are right (say these people), Duty, Religion, vanish from the world; they are ground to powder between the upper and the nether mill-stones of the answers to these questions — whence and whither.

Before weighing this conclusion it should be observed that these mill-stones are not by any means of the same size and weight; that Darwin's theory of the *ascent* of man from the lower animals is by no means on a par with those materialistic theories by which Vogt and Büchner and others attempt to show that immortality is a vain and stupid superstition. The two theories differ immensely in the amount of credence they have obtained from scientific men, and the difference is wholly in favor of Darwin. It is not to be denied that while his theory of man's origin and descent is still subject to correction, as he himself is always ready to allow, it approves itself substantially to the ablest scientific minds. Sir Charles Lyell, who approached the theory certain of its fallaciousness, returned from his investigations convinced of its impregnable validity. Müller, a German naturalist, who set out to demolish it, soon laid his broken weapons at its feet. Wallace, a most conscientious observer, arrives by independent methods at the same result. So it has fared in a great many cases. Every day the number of its adherents is increased. We may wish it were not so, but we cannot read the arguments and resist their force, and refuse their palpable conclusions. If the dignity of human nature cannot stand in the light of this conclusion, then it would seem that it must fall. If because we have sprung from the brutes we must live upon their level, then it would seem that there is no escape from such infamy and degradation.

But, as I have said, the arguments of materialism do not affect the question of man's destination so seriously as the ar-

guments of the naturalists affect his origin. Were they established they would affect it much more seriously. For nothing that the naturalists deduce us from is so insignificant as that nothingness into which the materialists plunge us at the last, if they do not misreckon. But their views lack much more of confirmation than the views of the naturalists. They cannot show anything like the same array of learned men in their favor, and what is more important, they deal with classes of facts so much remoter, so much more difficult to observe, that certainty is much harder to come at, and dogmatism is much more unpardonable.

That man is not only the ideal, but the actual and genetic crown of animal life, is a conclusion hard to escape; and whatever is implied in such a conclusion, we may well prepare ourselves to accept as gracefully as possible. But, that the whole man is contained in the sum of his material energies, and consequently ceases to exist with the cessation of these energies, — I cannot see how any one can consider this as proved, who has not an enormous prepossession in favor of such a conclusion, or who does not fear it so much that the weakest arguments have for him the terror of the strongest. The strength of materialism is mainly relative to the weakness of that old philosophy which arbitrarily sets up the dualism of mind and body — making the last a mere receptacle, the first a mere deposit. Because no such dualism can longer be maintained, materialism jumps at once to the conclusion that the body and the mind are one, and that one is the body. "No thought without phosphorus." "Thought is a secretion of the brain." "The brain secretes thought, as the liver secretes bile." These are the watch-words. But when we come to examine these striking aphorisms, we find them to be distorted shadows of the truth; not the truth itself. The truth is, that every thought has its corresponding motion of the brain. But correspondence is not identity. Granted, that for every thought in Hamlet there was some corresponding wriggle in the gray matter of Shakespeare's brain, and still a complete account of all the wriggling would be something less than the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. The mystery of thought refuses to be stated in material terms. As

the course of a ship on the high seas is not determined by wind and wave alone, as the man at the wheel is a most important factor, so is not the course of thought wholly a matter of cerebral winds and waves. Here, too, there is a man at the wheel; a power behind the throne; a conscious soul that chooses, orders, rules; which is no mere effect, but a living cause. We are less certain of everything else than of this. However we came to be so, we are to-day in the image of God; having, as Jesus said, "life in ourselves;" centres of force as God is—not stages merely over which troop sensations great and small. No chemist's crucible has yet resolved this conscious self into its component parts. Though thought should be set down as a secretion, behind the thought the conscious will would still sit firm, immovable. Though everything that we are conscious of should be resolved into material forms and forces, that by which we are conscious cannot be resolved. "There is surely a piece of divinity in us," said quaint Sir Thomas Browne, "something that was before the elements, and owes no homage under the sun. Men that look upon my outside, considering my condition, do err in my altitude; for I am above Atlas's shoulders."

But let us imagine for the moment that materialism has established its conclusions, and that these conclusions carry with them the denial of all immortality, save that of fame or influence, or affection. It is not proved; it is far from being so. The very opposite conclusion, that matter is a figment of the mind, lacks less of proof than this. But were it so—were this upper mill-stone of materialism and annihilation as completely fashioned and as deftly swung as the nether mill-stone of the naturalists—would the dignity and worth and glory of human nature be ground to powder between them? This is the question of the hour—the question *what*—far more important than the questions *whence* and *whither*. The problem of our origin and destination sinks into insignificance in comparison with the problem of our present life and opportunity. Those problems should be interesting mainly as they bear upon this. And how do they bear upon it? Do they, as some think and many fear, declaring our animal origin, remand us to a

merely animal life? Do they, if we must end in nothingness, consign us here and now to—

“A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From the first nothing ere our birth
To the last nothing under earth”?

“Beloved,” says one of the New Testament writers to his friends, “Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God;” and, in the truth of this assertion, I find a fortress that is impregnable against the worst that Darwinism can do against it on the one hand—materialism on the other. I say “the worst,” not meaning to impeach, in any way, the efforts of those men who, in these different fields, are seeking for the truth. In so far as they find it, it must be always for the best. There can be nothing better than the truth. I say “the worst” in deference to those who look on these researches with distrust and fear. Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God. No theory of our origin or destination can alter the essential facts of our condition here and now. No Darwinism behind us and no annihilation ahead can tear the glory of our present manhood from our foreheads and drag it in the mire. By the grace of God we are what we are; and, however we came to be so, by dint of whatsoever climbing long and difficult, and to whatever precipice and abyss we hasten on—here there is ample space and glorious opportunity; here there are chances innumerable for growth, and duty, and joy.

When the foreign nobleman, Gurowski, who was so much interested in our late contest, was living at Cambridge, being in straitened circumstances, he joined a band of Irish laborers who were engaged on some railroad or excavation. His friends remonstrated and told him he would be degraded by such a proceeding. He drew himself up to his full height, and even seemed to add a cubit to his stature, and replied, “Gurowski cannot be degraded.” And human nature cannot be degraded, save as the individual allows it to be degraded in his own person by lack of earnestness and consecration. If God could plunge us, in the hour of death, into a great gulf of annihila-

tion, it would be no more degrading than the death of a good man at the hands of a more powerful enemy. They asked an old Scotch woman, what if, after all her prayers and faithfulness, God should plunge her into hell: "An he should," she replied, "He'll lose mair I do," and so touched the heart of the great mystery, and, in her simple way, declared that God needs us as much as we need his immortality. Annihilation could not degrade us; and, as for our development by slowest stages up from the lowest forms, it seems to me that this account of our origin enhances, not destroys, the dignity of human nature. The cathedrals that have been centuries building appeal to our imagination and our reverence as does no contractor's job completed in a few months at the longest. And when I think of the ages upon ages, the thousands and millions of years that God has been at work on our humanity—when I think of the patience and the skill of which it is the slowly ripening fruit, I am more convinced than ever of the dignity of our position and the superlative greatness of our trusts. Not only this, I am convinced anew of immortality. "I work a long time," said the Greek artist, "but I work *for* a long time." So God, working a long time at human nature, works, I am persuaded, *for* a long time—a time of which the strange experience which we call death is not the limit.

Prof. Agassiz, once lecturing in our Brooklyn Academy of Music, for lack of better, threw at Darwin's head the *ad-captandum* argument, "We are not the children of monkeys, we are the children of God." Such a cheap appeal to popular prejudice was unworthy of the occasion and the man. For whether we are or are not the children of monkeys, we are the children of God; and he exhibits not faith, but the most deadly skepticism, who risks this truth on any sharp antithesis, who stakes it on the result of any scientific investigation. Whatever we have been, whithersoever we tend, "Beloved, *now* are we the sons of God."

On this rock will we build our church. We are more certain of what we are than we ever can be of our origin or destination. To argue from the unknown to the known is a most illegitimate proceeding. Meantime we have these bodies, so curiously and wonderfully made; so well adapted to the surround-

ing universe ; endowed with senses for the most various apprehension of it ; eyes to see beauty, open or lurking everywhere ; ears to take in the harmonies of nature, of music, of affection ; and touch, and taste, and smell, and for all these abundant provision. "Give us health and a day and we can make the pomp of emperors ridiculous." The whole tribe of naturalists and materialists, even if they wanted to, as they do not, could not rob the earth, or sea, or sky, of any beauty ; could not make the evening star as it hangs in the west any less wonderful in its liquid purity ; they could not make a single rose or violet any less sweet or fair. Shall I allow myself to be cheated by any theory, no matter how well proven, out of this present joy that so environs me on every side ? Indeed I will not. Nor any more will I forego, for any theory, the joys of thought, of affection, of conscience, of faith. These are the things that constitute us what we are. And being so endowed, having "these thoughts that wander through eternity," these affections that lay hold upon so many objects and cling to them so closely, this conscience which enforces duties the most difficult, and denies us the most tempting pleasures, this faith that lays hold of God and Immortality with divine energy ; having these things, our life here on this planet is something better than poet has ever yet dreamed, or preacher has ever yet told.

Now are we the sons of God ; and when I think of what it means to say this, how marvelously a man is dowered and fashioned, what joys, what opportunities are here ; when I think of the heroism and consecration that are possible, of the affections that environ, the reverences that embosom us ; when I think of business and home, of art and literature, of science with its Argus eyes, and skill with its Briareus arms ; when I think of all these things and of what a man can do with them and among them who stands up to his work courageously, doing his every task as faithfully, bearing his every burden as silently as in him lies, I am almost tempted to believe that we do get our "be-all and our end-all here," that to ask or hope for more is sheer ingratitude. But when I think more deeply, when I perceive that just in proportion as we make the most of every earthly opportunity we desire to lengthen out our lives into the future, that

the highest exercise of the affections begets a longing for their eternal growth, that the highest culture of the intellect only creates desires that this world cannot gratify, and that virtue, at its best, demands a wider range for its beneficence, then the life, which now is, becomes to me a shadow and a prophecy of the life which is to come. But it is not the glory of the coming life that assures me of the glory of this, but just the opposite; and if I felt sure that no such life awaited me, not one thought would seem to me less inspiring, not one affection less beautiful, not one aspiration less divine, not one duty less commanding than now. I should still thank God for what is given, nor doubt that he withholds in mercy what I long for more. And still, if I was wise, I should march on at the trumpet-call of duty as courageously as ever, no matter where it led, resolved that if my life is something less in quantity than I had hoped, to make its quality, on that account, the more truly excellent.

I am not then disposed to worry much over the scientific theories and the metaphysical speculations that are now so prominently before the world. I might be more disturbed, if the materialists seemed to me to make out as good a case as the naturalists. But even then, I trust I should not be tempted to think that without immortality life is not worth living or not worth living well. I trust that even then "this round of green, this orb of flame," would possess for me immense attractions, that I should mightily rejoice in its opportunities to learn and love and do. And certainly, no fear of what may be involved in such conclusions ought to keep us from the faithfullest investigation, and from bidding God-speed to those who, without any prepossessions, are simply trying to find out what is and what is not the truth about our origin and our destination. Let us hug no pillow of illusion. "I want to meet my God awake," said the queen, Maria Theresa. All royal souls must say the same, and prefer the most unpalatable truth to the most flattering lie. Of all skepticism that is the most hateful which doubts that it is always best to know the truth, or that, if we know it, we can put our lives into its range and let it send through them beneficent and purifying streams.

I notice that men generally misplace their fears and painful

apprehensions. Better descend from the brute world than to it. Better come to nothingness at last than, while we might be something, be nothing here and now, by sheer stupidity and failure to improve the opportunities that wait on our obedience. And this is what a great many persons fail to see. They resent with indignation any attempt to trace their lineage up from animal forms. They say hard things about men like Darwin, who, incapable of prepossession, and with a passion for the truth, are forced to come to such conclusions by the facts they observe. And these same men, so sensitive to degradation, degrade themselves by evil courses ; so averse to kinship with the brutes, are content to live their daily lives upon a brutish level. Refusing to see the "the mark of the beast" in their physical structures, they display it freely in the savageness of their unbridled passions. Let us remember that if it is an offense unto us that, some millions of years ago, our ancestors were less than human, if such a conclusion seems less flattering than that six thousand years ago God made the first man out of the dust of the earth, as mechanically as a potter makes a vessel, — let us remember that if this is our feeling, and we wish to prove how unlike we are to our brute relations, the way is not far off. It is to win for ourselves a power of intellect, of affection, of virtue, that shall establish our superiority on immovable foundations. So doing, we shall be less animal than if, fresh from the moulding hand of God, we plunged into a slough of passionate excess. "First, that which is animal," said Paul, "and then that which is spiritual." But there are men who reverse this order, and who, being spiritually born and reared, afterward consent to grovel and to live a merely animal life. This is the real degradation. This is the thing that we should fear and shun.

There are those who would like nothing better than some well-established theory of man's origin and destination which would excuse them in ignoring the commandments of the moral law, and in living a poor, careless, sensual sort of life. But no such theory is possible. Conscience does not wait upon our theories and speculations, but in spite of these utters its stern "Thou shalt," or "Thou shalt not," and there is nothing for us but to obey. Happy is that man who would not if he could

escape this voice ; to whom it is the voice of God which says as often as it speaks to him, "This is my beloved son." Happy that man to whom the highest meaning of eternal life is, as it was to Jesus, not a life of infinite duration, but a life conformed to the eternal laws. As Luther said at Worms, when they would have had him recant, this man with his feet planted upon everlasting principles will I say, "Here I stand, so help me God, I can no otherwise." No theory of his origin shall shake his faith in the dignity and glory of the life that he is living here ; no theory of his destination shall make it appear one whit less natural or binding for him to think as deeply and to live as nobly he can. *Now* is his accepted time ; *now* is his day of salvation. He will live this life grandly and purely. He will meet death without hate or fear.

Then should it chance, as he would fain believe,
Life's glory waits him in some other sphere,
Its first great joy shall be he did not miss
God's meaning in the glory that is here.

JOHN W. CHADWICK.

THE DOWNFALL OF ANCIENT PAGANISM.

CHRISTIANITY became, so to speak, the official and predominant religion of Europe towards the close of the fourth century of our era, in the reign of the Emperor Theodosius. Gibbon says that he attacked superstition in her most vital part by prohibiting the use of sacrifices, which he declared to be criminal as well as infamous. Theodosius appointed a special commission to shut the pagan temples, to seize and destroy the instruments of idolatry, to abolish the privileges of the priests, and to confiscate the consecrated property. At that time all the principal cities of the Roman Empire contained pagan temples, which surpassed in splendor even the great Roman-Catho-

lic cathedrals of modern Europe. Lovers of art tried to save those glorious monuments of Grecian genius from devastation. But the spiritual rulers of the church turned a deaf ear to the suggestions of taste. They felt that as long as the great old pagan temples were suffered to stand they would exercise by their magnificence a powerful influence over the populace, serving to keep alive the old pagan spirit. And it is impossible to exaggerate the influence of splendid edifices consecrated to religion. They keep all who dwell in their shadow in awe. They are bulwarks of conservatism. Roman Catholicism owes an immense debt to the builders of the chief cathedrals of Europe. It is the good fortune of the United States that they have no such structures. Here, as Emerson says, no church or state is interpolated on the divine sky and immortal year. Nature is uppermost. The living present is not dominated by a superstitious and storied past. Art has interposed no splendid veils of architecture between man and God. The Christian bishops and priests made regular raids against all the chief temples throughout their dioceses. Some of these temples were solid and strong almost as the everlasting hills, and resisted their destroyers with a terrible *vis inertiae*. In the rural districts the populace frequently attacked the pious raiders who were demolishing their immemorial places of worship. In one instance a bishop was slain, riddled by the darts of exasperated rustics. There were not wanting sturdy and learned defenders of polytheism in this its death struggle. Libanius was one of them.

Among the holy raiders the monks of the desert, the followers of St. Anthony, were conspicuous by their furious zeal. Gibbon says they had a sharp eye to "holy plunder," and inflamed their zeal with wine. Libanius says they ate more than elephants, — a reflection upon the temperance of elephants, according to Gibbon. Only a few temples were spared. "The Temple of the Celestial Venus, at Carthage, whose precincts formed a circumference of two miles, was converted into a Christian church. It had been shut some time, and the access to it was overgrown with brambles. A similar consecration has preserved inviolate the majestic dome of the Pantheon," which

Byron calls "the temple of all the gods from Jove to Jesus." "But," continues Gibbon, "in almost every province of the Roman world an army of fanatics, without authority and without discipline, invaded the peaceful inhabitants; and the ruins of the fairest structures of antiquity still display the ravages of those barbarians, who alone had time and inclination to execute such laborious destruction."

At this late day, after Christianity has been the official and state religion of Europe for almost fifteen hundred years, a crisis in its history seems approaching similar to that which befell polytheism in the reign of Theodosius; and the great Christian temples of modern Europe may yet share the fate of their more splendid predecessors, the polytheistic shrines. The great churches of Paris have just escaped destruction at the hands of the Communists. Dogmatic, ritual, ceremonial Christianity, or State Christianity, is only one remove from ancient paganism. Indeed, it retains much of the old Roman State religion. Roman paganism had its pontiffs and vestal virgins, which have been adopted by Roman Christianity. The pontificates and augurates were objects of ambition to the most illustrious Romans, such as Cicero and Pliny. Speaking of the college of pontiffs, Gibbon says "their robes of purple, chariots of state, and sumptuous entertainments attracted the admiration of the people; and they received, from the consecrated lands and the public revenue, an ample stipend, which liberally supported the splendor of the priesthood and all the expenses of the religious worship of the state." These ancient pagan pontiffs "still live" in the persons of the Roman cardinals. We say a crisis has evidently come in the history of modern ecclesiasticism similar to that which befell official paganism in the days of Theodosius. The English Church will soon be disestablished, and cease to be a piece of state machinery. The Roman Church is already divorced from temporal authority, and it will be all the better for it. The American Catholic Church is a voluntary establishment, like every other religious denomination in this country, and it is flourishing and prosperous. If we might venture a criticism, we should say that our Catholic

friends had better adopt the old-fashioned, New-England simplicity in the matter of church architecture. They cannot hope to rival the mighty old fanes and minsters of Europe, and, therefore, they had better erect simpler and less expensive edifices for worship. For man in this country is greater than church and state. Church and state are mere conveniences for his use and benefit. Nothing more. Therefore the private abode should be elegant as well as the church. It is, perhaps, the most important edifice of the two. Pine-board meeting-houses and town-houses do just as well and better than costly churches and municipal halls. The past history of New England proves it.

It required a good deal of pluck in many cases to demolish particular temples and the statues of particular deities. Gibbon's account of the destruction of the Temple of Serapis, at Alexandria, Egypt, is in his finest style: "Alexandria gloried in the name of the city of Serapis. His temple, which rivaled the pride and magnificence of the Capitol, was erected on the spacious summit of an artificial mount, raised one hundred steps above the level of the adjacent parts of the city; and the interior cavity was strongly supported by arches, and distributed into vaults and subterraneous apartments. The consecrated buildings were surrounded by a quadrangular portico; the stately halls and exquisite statues displayed the triumph of the arts; and the treasures of ancient learning were preserved in the famous Alexandrian Library. After the edicts of Theodosius had severely prohibited the sacrifices of the pagans, they were still tolerated in the city and temple of Serapis; and this singular indulgence was imprudently ascribed to the superstitious terrors of the Christians themselves, as if they had feared to abolish those ancient rites which could alone secure the inundations of the Nile, the harvests, and the subsistence of Constantinople." After a terrible struggle between the votaries of Serapis and the monks, the temple was finally pillaged and destroyed. "The colossal statue of Serapis," says Gibbon, "was involved in the ruin of his temple and religion. A great number of plates of different metals, artificially joined together,

composed the majestic figure of the deity, who touched on either side the walls of the sanctuary. The aspect of Serapis, his sitting posture, and the sceptre which he bore in his left hand, were extremely similar to the ordinary representations of Jupiter. He was distinguished from Jupiter by the basket, or bushel, which was placed on his head, and by the emblematic monster which he held in his right hand, the head and body of a serpent branching into three tails, which were again terminated by the triple heads of a dog, a lion, and a wolf. It was confidently affirmed that if any impious hand should dare to violate the majesty of the god, the heavens and the earth would instantly return to their original chaos. An intrepid soldier, animated with zeal and armed with a heavy battle-axe, ascended the ladder; and even the Christian multitude expected with some anxiety the event of the combat. He aimed a vigorous stroke against the cheek of Serapis: the cheek fell to the ground; the thunder was still silent, and both the heavens and the earth continued to preserve their accustomed order and tranquillity. The victorious soldier repeated his blows; the huge idol was overthrown, and broken in pieces; and the limbs of Serapis were ignominiously dragged through the streets of Alexandria." We once heard the late Winter Davis, of Maryland, quote this passage in a most effective speech in Congress against slavery. Thus do mankind find their idols from age to age mere stocks and stones, hedged in by a superstitious awe, which is being nowadays rapidly and utterly dispelled by the vertical sunlight of Reason and Knowledge.

B. W. BALL.

OF THEISM.

IN seeking for a first cause the atheist rejects the idea of God, and so denies, as I understand him, a guiding intelligence working in and through the operations of the universe. The idea of God is associated with omniscient wisdom and omnipotent power, which involve supreme life and mind; and it is incomprehensible that the universe should be animated and governed by an intelligent soul. So to avoid a difference about words, let us substitute Nature for God in our inquiry, and see if we do not come at last to the same result.

Does Nature reveal God to the human understanding? In other words, does she furnish proofs of an overruling intelligence, working through and presiding over the infinitely varied phenomena of the universe?

Paul, standing in the first century, answers, Yes!

Modern empirical, materialistic science, standing in the nineteenth century, says, No!

A short trial of the issue between these contestants at the bar of reason may help us towards a conclusion, and that the spiritualistic science of the nineteenth agrees most fully with the intuitions of the first century, and of the human soul in all centuries.

All thoughtful atheists, as well as all others, agree that from nothing nothing can come. So far as we understand the operations of Nature, in all the forms of her creative manifestations, like is forever producing, and can only produce, its like. Such being the law of generation, that the principles of any product must first be in the producing cause, a soil destitute of the elements of vegetable life cannot produce vegetation, nor, if only destitute of the elements of any particular vegetable, as turnip, can turnip grow there.

All the innumerable forms of life, sensation, and mind, which people either earth, air, or sea, are the products of Nature. And Nature, like the soil, or any other of her departments, can only give what she has; and so must contain in herself the

entire physical and mental qualities of all her products. This is admitted by all in regard to body. Is iron in our blood, lime in our bones, proteine compounds in our tissues? Nature provides them all. But, on applying the same law to mind, materialism comes to a halt. To it the law of evolution ceases. But to spiritualism the same law applies alike to mind and body. As Nature holds in her storehouses all the elements of our material, so she holds in her vast reservoirs all the elements of our spiritual structures. For our material organisms, Nature provides what she has, and only that. So in regard to our spiritual, including the sensual. Sight comes only from that which sees, feeling from that which feels, hearing from that which hears. Can thought come from that which cannot think, reasoning from that which cannot reason, judgment from that which cannot judge? To believe it is to believe that something can come from nothing — which materialist and spiritualist alike hold impossible.

All the thoughts, imaginations, passions of the human soul, and of all souls, and all art, beauty, deformity, crudity, perfection, are in and derived from Nature. She shows us some of her moods and humors in the varying play of the elements. And, moreover, does the sculptor give us a fine statue, the painter a beautiful picture? Nature has done infinitely better before them, inasmuch as hers are wonderfully organic, and instinct with life throughout, while theirs are only dead and senseless imitations.

We are apt to deny spiritual attributes to Nature as a vast whole, because in the infinite grandeur of her being she does not give us those little signs of speech and motion which we are accustomed among ourselves to regard as the only proofs of intelligence. And yet she is forever giving signs more truthful and impressive than speech to those who are wise enough to translate their meanings. For "Nature, which reveals God to the wise, hides him from the foolish."

The materialist refers all the phenomena of life — joy, sorrow, love, hatred, hope, aspiration and the rest — to organization. Organization is merely arrangement, or combination. And the mere fact of arrangement creates no new principle, but only a

new structure of what existed before. Hence life, mind, and consciousness cannot be created by, nor the product of, organization. These principles existed before, as part of the universal life and consciousness; and the organization only serves the purpose of giving them individual life and consciousness. As the matter of the organism always did exist as matter, so the life and mind which animate and govern it always did exist as life and mind, and have only been clothed in new organic forms to give them, as before stated, individualized life, experience, and consciousness. Matter cannot exist without force, or life and mind; and force is the soul of matter, and shapes, fashions, governs, and reveals it to our finite consciousness.

Nature is an organic structure of infinite extent and duration. Even what we call "inorganic matter," as the rude heterogeneous masses of rock, piled into mountain ranges, or pulverized into desert sands, are parts of the structure of the earth, and are essential to its wholeness. And this earth is but an infinitesimal part of the structure of the universe, which is animated by a life, and guided by a mind, which act with such unerring precision that we base our sciences upon the certainty of her methods and processes. And these methods and processes of the Infinite Mind are to us Law; and matter does not govern law, but law governs matter. You take a lump of clay and fashion it into an image. Does the clay direct the movement of your hands, and give shape to the ideal in your mind which you desire to work out? That is the end at which materialism begins. Spiritualism begins at the other,—the scientific end. It looks through organization, to what governs and directs the process.

We may not yet comprehend that infinite and eternal Nature should work with a knowledge and understanding which not only includes the knowledge and understanding of man, but of all the other beings of the universe. Nor can the being which Huxley speaks of as "a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle, which finds space and duration enough to multiply into countless millions in the body of a living fly," comprehend man.

It is incomprehensible to us that Nature should think, feel, and know all and more than all that we do; that she should

plan, devise, and execute in any way as we do. And yet we are only her mimics. When we wish to accomplish any given work, we begin with a mental conception of it. The work really begins in the mind. Then we prepare our material, and with it give our conception an outward form. And herein we are only doing what Nature has taught us by inward instinct and outward example. She prepares her plastic material, or "protoplasm," as a "physical basis," in which she clothes and gives outward forms to her innumerable living ideas, from the molecule up to man.

And when we make machines involving the nicest mathematical principles and equivalents, and the highest laws of mechanics, these principles, equivalents, and laws, together with all the knowledge, art, or science ever yet attained, or to be attained by man, exist as primary elements of Nature; and we learn them from her. For as we derive our life from that which lives, so we derive our knowledge from that which knows. And furthermore, as the life of Nature is infinitely greater, so is her knowledge infinitely greater than ours.

Indeed, as man himself is but an expression or manifestation of Nature, all his inventions and devices are but continued and extended forms of her expressions or manifestations through him. So when I refer to our contrivances or inventions to illustrate the operations of Nature, I merely take her secondary processes, through man's intervention, to illustrate her primary ones without his intervention.

Nature has her destructive as well as constructive processes. And the first are as orderly, and as much under the control of law, as the last; for the first are only preparatory steps to the last. And the convulsions of earthquakes, tempests, tornadoes, the slow disintegration of rock, the silent withering and decay of grass-blades, the rotting of logs, the death and decomposition of our own bodies, are only the operations of some pulp-mills, in which she grinds and prepares materials for her wonderful formations. Now the material does not prepare and fashion itself, any more than man conceived and fashioned himself, or the clay fashions itself in his hands.

Man with all his passions, thoughts, and imaginations, with

all the other creatures below him, are, as before stated, the products of Nature. From the boundless storehouse of her life and mind she endows them all, with their varied passions, instincts, and powers. To deny this—to deny that these powers, instincts, passions, pre-exist in and are derived from Nature—is to affirm that they are derived from nothing, are self-created, or are supernatural. The theory here proposed is based upon the ground of the universality and oneness of Nature; that her life includes all lives, and her mind includes all minds, and her body includes all bodies.

Now all the organic forms of Nature which come within the reach of our analysis are governed and controlled in all their processes and operations by life and mind, or animating and guiding souls. And herein Nature recreates herself. She endows her products with her own essences. Like parent, like child. For the universe, as its name implies, is one vast whole, one boundless organism, animated and governed by one soul. And this soul of Nature is something as unlike its organic structure, in essence, as the essence of our minds is unlike the materials of our bodies. And yet this Infinite Soul operates in and through the body of Nature, as our souls operate in and through our bodies. Hence we reach the conclusion that all the phenomena of the universe are caused by an overruling intelligence, working in and through its numberless transformations, processes, &c. And this intelligence is something as different from the body and operations of Nature, as the intelligence of a man is from the house which he builds.

So with what light reason affords me, or, in other words, in the light of science, I am forced to the conclusion that Nature, so far from being soulless, is soulfull. And this soul of Nature is to me God,—full of love and tenderness, and supplies all I wish to feel or know of a divine spirit. For he is the father of my spirit as of all spirits, and Nature is the mother, by and through which we are formed. And so we are akin by divine conception with all living things. And as man is the highest of all created intelligences, I need no higher tokens of the divine life and presence than what I may find in truly cultured and loving human souls. Nor is this infinite intelligence

any more unseen or unknown to our outward senses, than the intelligence of man is.

If then we accept the soul of Nature as the real being of God, we have something upon which our minds may rest, uncramped and unswayed by the narrow and conflicting systems of faith which human ignorance has set up. For here is indeed *the* "Rock of Ages." And yet here, also, we shall discover the reason of all these crude and barbarous creeds. For all these faiths, and even the doubts and denials of atheism and materialism, are based on phases, or are themselves phases, of the divine manifestations of Nature. For God, working through Nature, displays all conditions from the rudest to the most refined and celestial. The savage man lives in the crude affections and relations of Nature; and his ideas of God are based upon her more savage aspects. For he, being a rude child of Nature, is especially impressed by her ruder manifestations; and on beholding some grand display, his disintegrating and preparatory processes,—some earthquake which buries cities full of men, some tornado which strews coasts with shipwrecks, some pestilence which depopulates countries,—regards these preparatory steps towards fresher and higher spiritual and organic conditions as tokens of God's displeasure. Hence ideas of his anger, jealousy, revenge, and the need of atonements and grace-winning sacrifices.

But as the mind unfolds into broader and more comprehensive views and conceptions, it sees Nature in her formative and diviner aspects; and contemplates God as the genius of the universe, presiding in serene majesty over its grandest and its minutest operations. So that, while God is a savage to the savage mind, he is wisdom, beneficence, and love to the mind enlightened by these sentiments.

Hence, as above stated, all the various forms of religious faith, however weak or wicked, wise or foolish, all ideas of gods, revelations, miracles, &c., are included in, and are as much the outgrowths of, the divine life, as are the various individuals or classes who believe them.

So when men come with books, and creeds founded thereon, claiming for them a divine original; and that God has spoken

to me thus and so,—through Moses, Buddha, Jesus, Paul, or Joseph Smith,—and that these books and creeds contain the whole of divine truth,—so much and no more—I say yes, doubtless God has spoken, all, and more than all you claim, and much that our little ears cannot hear, and that our small understandings cannot translate. For he speaks through the unbound and boundless volumes of Nature. Listen and learn, until your books and creeds sink into utter nothingness in the grandeur, magnificence, and beauty, as well as sweetness and tenderness, which she reveals. For as the mountains, oceans, continents, rivers, seas, are only parts of the structure of the earth, and the earth is only an atom in the system of the universe; so are your books, creeds, theologies, hierarchies, but the minutest and crudest atoms in the grand system of infinite truth which God reveals to us through Nature.

LORING MOODY.

AGAINST THE TIDE.

AGAINST the tide—ah me, against the tide!
No slightest wave but drifts me back to shore:
Though straining every nerve, I still abide,
With strength all spent, just where I was before.

Why could I not have stayed upon the shore,
To pick up shining pebbles in the sun?
Instead of laboring at the useless oar,
To sleep in peace when the day's sport was done.

My longing heart forbids such rest to me,
Though I reach not the goal that lies before,
But live still wrestling with the wind and sea,
And die with tireless hand upon the oar!

M. R. O.

THE METAL AGES.

THAT man was in those primitive times a creature of habit even more than now is altogether probable, changing his ideas and methods slowly. The first bronze implements were fashioned like those of polished stone which had previously been in use. The material to be wrought was new, but the pattern was old, remaining unchanged in the brain of the workman. It was a long way from this to the fine weapons of bronze which were made before the close of the period, showing how long it must have taken, with the slow advance of a primitive and little thinking people, to compass such great improvements, and reach the fine artistic results at last.

It is not known whether the people of the bronze in central and northern Europe were the same race who lived in the polished-stone age or not; it is probable they were a different people, and came as immigrants, driving away, or otherwise causing to disappear, the former inhabitants. There is little opportunity for the comparison of skeleton remains, either to identify or distinguish the peoples. While the neolithic people buried their dead in tumuli, numerous remains of the same having been found and studied, the bronze people, still retaining the outward form of the tumuli, burned their dead, so that but few skeletons have been found which can be referred to this period. These few indicate a departure from the neolithic type. The skull found in the Swiss pile-works of the bronze age is not so small and round as that of the Danish shell-heaps, being more like the form which prevails at present among the inhabitants of Switzerland.

If these people were of foreign stock, we may never know positively whence they came. Prof. Nilsson has compared relics, and he thinks that the art of working bronze was derived from the Phœnicians. C. F. Wiberg has recently examined the subject, and he believes that the bronze art of middle and northern Europe was of Greek and Etruscan origin, having followed the northern shore of the Mediterranean westward, and then

diverging to the north. But this is an obscure subject. Comparative craniology indicates that the Etruscans were a mixed people, having Semitic, Aryan, and Turanean blood in their veins. A considerable percentage of Etruscan skulls greatly resembles the Phœnician form (Vogt, Nicolucci). The art of making and working bronze no doubt had its origin with some particular people, and gradually spread from country to country, acquiring in the course of time certain local differences, which, in their turn, were carried farther by the commerce of the period.

The domestication of animals made perceptible progress in the bronze period, there being a greater variety of breeds, and the stock more abundant than in the neolithic age. To the dog, ox, goat, and sheep, they added the pig, horse, ass, and several varieties of the cattle kind. In the lake-dwellings of the stone period the flesh of the stag and roe was the principal animal food; but during the bronze the flesh of domestic cattle and sheep superseded the venison of the previous age. The dog of the stone period was a small one, and continued for a long time to be the only companion of man; the bronze people had a larger, hunting dog, which had no doubt been first domesticated in some other part of the world and imported into central Europe. Progress in the art of making textile fabrics is indicated. An entire suit of woolen goods has been discovered, which belonged to a chief of the bronze age. The commerce of the period was considerable, and there was doubtless intercommunication between peoples in localities quite remote.

Owing to the difficulty of extracting iron from its ores, mankind were a long time finding out its use. Owing to this same fact, the discovery must have been made by a people of considerable intellectual resource, by a people who had profited well by the long ages of experience which had gone before. But, once discovered, the knowledge of the uses of iron might spread to other peoples less endowed intellectually, with much lower forms of society, and gradually come into general use among them. All Africa is said to be in the iron age, and the most of Africa is truly barbarian. Thus it would appear, that, while the use of iron may obtain among a people who cannot be regarded

as civilized at all, nevertheless it must be conceded that the use of iron is indispensable to civilization in its higher forms.

The iron age was born before history, and as it is still in the course of evolution (if indeed we have not passed into the age of steel), this age belongs both to the historic and prehistoric times. What this age may be in its lower and higher forms may be learned from a comparison of African society with that of the civilized nations of Europe and America. Making allowances for the inferior level, the difference was probably equally great between the lowest and highest stages of society pertaining to the bronze period.

The comparison of skulls belonging to the several prehistoric periods does not indicate a perceptible development from lower to higher forms. An anthropologist would probably not be able to tell whether any given skull was from the earliest of the neolithic age or from the first of the iron age. Different localities present different results. In Great Britain the peoples who used stone weapons and practiced cannibalism were of the long-headed type; while those who used bronze and burned their dead were of the short-headed type. In the region of Denmark the people of the stone period approached more nearly the short-headed than the long-headed type, while the people of the bronze period were long-headed. A greater change appears to have taken place since the beginning of the iron age by the arching of the forehead and the retreating of the lower part of the face so as to fall more directly under that arch. Certain characteristics of wildness, such as the prominent superciliary arch and the ridged character of the bones, indicating great muscular development and animal vigor, have disappeared under the taming influences of the metallic ages.

The comparatively high form of cranial structure which is exhibited by the oldest known specimens suggests to us, if it does not prove, how long the foreground of development must have been to reach the organic results of the stone-age man.

The view here taken is diametrically opposed to that of the Jewish cosmogony, which was adopted into Christianity, and was thus perpetuated for thousands of years. Classical writers

regarded the first of mankind as savages; but this was overruled by the Jewish conceptions till within quite recent times. Various branches of science have conspired to suggest and to confirm the idea of human development from brutal savagery through various intermediate stages up to that of modern civilization. Still, however, traces of the old views come to the surface; and it is meet, perhaps, that in Great Britain the latest prominent representatives of the same, Archbishop Whately and the Duke of Argyll, should belong respectively to classes which make no progress only as they are jogged along.

Still we must say that this science of prehistoric archæology is as yet very crude. But we should expect this: it is scarcely twenty years old yet. There is room in the literature of this subject for a systematic work, simple, clear, careful, so that the general student may find what is known of the status of any prehistoric age without having to read and compare several volumes and essays as he is now compelled to do. Singular blunders sometimes escape our popular writers on the subject. We pass by those of M. Figuer, who romances in the name of science, to note one in a late work by a professor in one of our universities. In this instance the reindeer epoch (the latter part of the paleolithic age) and the age of polished stone are classified as the same.

Büchner's "*Stellung des Menschen*," read since the above was written, presents a very clear summary of prehistoric archæology. Following original authorities, the author divides the stone ages into three, — a primitive, middle, and later, age, — characterized by the degree of perfection attained in the structure of their implements. The first corresponds with the extinct mammalia, when man had no domestic animal, and when his implements were of the very rudest make. The second is usually known as the reindeer epoch, when the dog was domesticated, bone, horn, and shells worked into articles of use and ornament, and pottery of a rude kind sparingly in use, but when the stone implements, though somewhat improved, were still unpolished. The third is the neolithic, or ground-stone age, already sufficiently defined for the general purpose we have here in view.

Büchner believes it to be well established by the evidence, that, the farther back we go into prehistoric times, the lower and smaller the forehead, and the greater the comparative development of the posterior region of the brain ; that human progress is evinced by the diminished preponderance of the hinder brain, and the relative increase in volume of the frontal lobe. This is no doubt true in a general way ; yet if any one should derive his first knowledge of prehistoric archæology from the reading of Büchner he would be surprised at the anomalous cases he would meet when he should come to pursue his studies of the subject in greater detail.

More interesting, perhaps, than anything in the preceding summary would be an account of mental habits, usages, and superstitions which have descended from those rude peoples, and have long outlived the circumstances and mental conditions which gave them birth. This is a mine which has been assiduously worked by Tylor, Lubbock, and others, by means of the light reflected from the study of savage life as it has been observed in historic times.

AUTHORITY IN SCIENCE.

It is stated in one of our scientific journals as a reason for the signature of articles, that "in reading a criticism on a scientific work it is before all things necessary that we should know that the critic has a right, from his own knowledge of the subject, to speak with authority." This is all very well, but very liable to be abused. We notice that in this same journal the most trenchant, and no doubt most useful, criticisms of books on science are not signed ; while those notices or reviews which commend highly are signed. Scientific men are not above mutual glorification ; and here lies the danger. There are cliques among the devotees of science as among other men ; science does not lift human beings above the weaknesses of human nature. By mutual glorification those who have won, or, we will say, have pushed themselves into, high scientific positions (and such positions are obtained, like all others, by pushing, in part at least), very naturally get an idea that their opinions must not be contradicted. If an obscure critic calls their dicta in ques-

tion, they crush him,—sometimes justly, sometimes cruelly. Yet it is notorious that our great originals in science, those who afterwards became demi-gods, were at the time of their discoveries anything but authorities. Let us remember Galileo, Newton, Adam Smith, Harvey, Hunter, Boucher de Perthes, and others. But let us remember them wisely. Their history does not justify a lunatic in setting aside pretty much all we know as science to make room for some ridiculous whim of his own.

There is a great difference between the master and the mere literary caterer who attempts to popularize science. The one wants to and is able to make a truthful and instructive statement: the other aims to make an artistic and taking, rather than a truthful, statement. The one may be regarded as an authority whom it is safe to trust; the other as a smatterer who misleads. In this sense our quotation as above is true. But as it happens, in the same number of this scientific journal a suspicion is *authoritatively* cast upon some of the great scientists themselves. We quote: "Hence, that we may have, not merely a genuine scientific man to write them, but one whose elementary instruction was good, or one whose strength has enabled him to get over its imperfections."

Here it is distinctly implied that a genuine scientific man may be ill at home in the elements of science. Then in what is he an authority? It is in respect to these very elements, those portions of science which demonstration has placed beyond doubt, that authority should have its greatest use. We learners cannot repeat all the experiments or follow out in detail all the processes which have given definite form to the elements of science. What we want to know is the effective method by which scientific investigation is conducted, and the unequivocal results which have been established by its use. Here, then, is certainly a place for authority, and here, by our last quotation, is the very place it fails: only a part, a very few, of our genuine scientific men having been properly grounded in the elements of science.

In regard to those portions of science which are still in course of investigation, and on which there is not a general concur-

rence of view, no man, however great his scientific achievements, can be regarded as an authority. With regard to the origin of species, to whom shall we look as having the right to pronounce an authoritative verdict? The very question is fraught with the ridiculous. One man may be better authority than another in regard to certain facts or classes of facts relating to the origin of species, because he has made them a special study; but the ultimate question of origin in the present state of our knowledge precludes the very notion of authority.

Right here let us remark that an eminent American scientist having been recently appealed to by a popular journal to present its readers with an authoritative account of the present status of science, asserted in his reply that Darwinism is on the decline in England. There is probably not a Darwinian in England who would see the current history of Darwinism in that light. Our great American authority is simply no authority at all on that subject. Agassiz, Dana, Dawson, and their like, may see much in the sudden apparition of a wave of opposition which has been in preparation for years; but such temporary wave does not indicate decline, nor does it prevent constant accessions of power to the steady, irresistible wave which is flowing with the great current of modern evolution. The effect of adverse criticism is not to paralyze Darwinism, but to press it from points where it is weak to those where it is impregnable. We must be cautious with the authorities when they get outside their range.

If we are to have authorities in science above question, we might make a science-pope to rule the world. What incongruity in the very title! The pope would seek to bind, science to liberate, the intellect of man. The spirit of science teaches us, above all things, the importance and duty of rejecting every man's mere dictum, and, so far as we have strength of wing to bear us up, of ranging the vast and wonderful fields of thought for ourselves.

The idea of authority in science has its uses and abuses. A man is authority by virtue of his accurate knowledge and truthfulness in presenting it, and not by virtue of anything else. Such an authority becomes established by a sort of spontaneous suffrage, which rarely elects the wrong candidate, slow as the

process sometimes is. A scientist who is strong in a particular direction is apt, however, to get credit in directions where he is weak and often in error. Cuvier affords an instructive example of this kind. Still the suffrages are usually cast right. Who with any really scientific knowledge does not recognize at once the difference between a Lyell and a Figuer? The distinction between a Tylor and a Whately, or a Lubbock and an Argyll, may not be quite so obvious, but in such instances it gradually assumes a definition so clear that all may see it. The right views and the right men are pretty sure to be elected at last.

We may add, that, while a specialist may be confidently appealed to as an authority on his particular subject, yet it must be conceded that the fascination and absorption of the mind by a special study may as effectually unfit for largeness of view, as the superficial dabbling in too many studies may unfit for accuracy of view. A naturalist may be authority on fishes and the mechanical phenomena of glaciers, but not on the biological or evolutionary influence of glaciers,—a very different thing. When a man can declare that the cold of the glacier epoch swept the earth with universal desolation and cut up evolution by its roots, he forfeits all claim as an authority on that subject. The general student of science may be more capable of broad and accurate generalization than most specialists. In this connection the reader may recall the name of Herbert Spencer, and at the same time remember that there are not many Darwins and Wallaces.

J. STAHL PATTERSON.

FAME.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[The following poem by Mr. Emerson is not included in any edition of his works, yet bears many of his characteristics, and is interesting as showing the early tendencies of his mind. It is taken from a little volume called "The Offering," which was prepared by the Cambridge divinity students, in 1829, in aid, I believe, of the Infant School enterprise. Among the contributors were S. G. Bulfinch, Ephraim Peabody, J. B. Fox, and others. Mr. Emerson was then twenty-six years old, and had lately been ordained as colleague to Rev. Henry Ware, of the Second Unitarian Church in Boston. — T. W. H.]

AH FATE! Cannot a man
Be wise without a beard?
From East to West, from Beersheba to Dan,
Say, was it never heard
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten?

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame,
Who gives his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic,
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better done,
To dine and sleep through forty years,
Be loved by few, be feared by none,
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we asked was granted?

But fate will not permit
The seeds of gods to die,
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
Its guerdon in the sky,
Nor let us hide, whate'er our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure.

Go then, sad youth, and shine!
Go, sacrifice to Fame;
Put love, joy, health, upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame!
Thy hapless self for praises barter,
And die to Fame an honored martyr.

THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY.

IN the evolution of ideas the conception of immortality is probably posterior to that of annihilation. The truth of this statement does not admit of demonstration, but it commends itself to our reason when we consider that annihilation suggests a want which immortality is designed to cancel. Had man never felt the danger of the one, he could never have realized the need of the other.

"Out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

In harmony with this view is the scheme of the resurrection, which points to the recognition of death as an enemy. It was the grand aim of the resurrection to rob death, that terrible annihilator, of his plunder; and as no more rational way of liberating man from the clutch of his most dreaded foe could at first be invented, the idea met with a very general acceptance, and without doubt contributed much to the sum of human happiness.

It is now a generally recognized fact that "the phases of the mind of a man correspond to the epochs of the mind of the race." The progress of the general mind may, then, be ascertained with some degree of certainty by observing the progress of the individual mind. Every one will admit that it is through our senses, not our reason, that we first become acquainted with the external world. The Presentation Faculty, as Hamilton calls it, takes the initiative in the marvelous movements of the mind. Hence the mind of the child, like that of the savage, invariably judges by appearances. It is only extensive observation and long-continued reflection that can awaken the suspicion that "things are not what they seem."

What, then, do our senses, unaided by the deductions of systematic reasoning, teach? They can present to the mind objects as they appear—nothing more. Evaporation and combustion, interpreted from appearance merely, certainly suggest the idea of annihilation. In all cases of decomposition, when the visible is rendered invisible, the testimony of sight is in favor of absolute destruction. Hearing and smell are equally suggestive of annihilation. Sound does not seem to endure; it is only the philosophic mind that contemplates it as an indestructible force. Odor produces a sensation, the very essence of which, says Reid, "consists in being felt; and when it is not felt, it is not." Taste and touch are feelings that abide only for the moment.

The activity of the senses is confined to material objects. We have no sensations of anything immaterial or spiritual. When a man dies, our sensual faculties make us conscious of a physical change, but never apprise us of the departure of a spirit. To the uninstructed mind death and dissolution must therefore seem to end in annihilation. Such a mind necessarily accepts the testimony of the senses, and believes in the reality of appearance. Of this fact Sir John Lubbock gives numerous illustrations in "Prehistoric Times" and in "The Origin of Civilization." "Our knowledge," said a candid Zulu, "does not urge us to search out the roots of it; we do not try to see them; if any one thinks ever so little, he soon gives it up, and passes on to *what he sees with his eyes*." This implicit faith in things as they are seen is unquestionably a universal characteristic of the untutored mind. Doubt is not native to the mind; it is born of reason and experience.

To those peoples that stand on the lowest rung in the scale of intellectual development growth seems to be a process by which something is created from nothing; decay, the converse process of reducing something to nothing. How this can be done is a question about which they seldom speculate; enough for them that it seems so. A California Indian, in conversation with Mr. Gibbs, assigned as a reason why his people did not go to another world after death, that they burned their dead, and they supposed "there was an end of them." "Even the New Zealanders," says Lubbock, "believed that a man who was eaten was destroyed, both body and spirit." M. Bik says of the Arafuras, "Their idea was, *Mati, Mati, sudak* (when you are dead there is an end of you)." That this idea is common among the lowest races of men is established by numerous trustworthy authorities.

Granting, then, that dissolution appears to be annihilation, that first knowledge must be knowledge of appearance, and that the genuineness of appearance is at first unquestioned, how can we doubt that the idea of annihilation was evolved before that of immortality?

The objection raised by Baring Gould, in his "Origin and Development of Religious Belief" (vol. I., chap iv.), turns out to be one of the most cogent arguments for the conclusion we have reached. As a reason why the notion of annihilation could not be apprehended as easily as that of immortality, he affirms that "the mind receives positive impressions only, and intelligently conceives negatives by eliminating positive impressions." This statement is itself the best refutation of the doctrine it was designed to support. The idea of immortality was conceived negatively, as the etymology of the word proves. The Latin

immortalis, from which immortal is derived, is composed of two words, which signify *not mortal*. The corresponding Greek *ἀθάνατος* is likewise a compound word, signifying undying. In whatever language the idea of immortality finds expression it always takes the negative form. The conclusion is therefore irresistible that the idea of mortality, or extinction of life, preceded that of immortality.

But this theory, however rational it may be, is not the popular one. It is a current belief that religion is a universal element of the human constitution, and that the fundamental ideas of religion are neither derivative nor developmental, but primitive with all peoples of the earth. As too often happens, the common opinion is here determined more by bias than by fact.

"Men figure to themselves
The thing they like, and then they build it up
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand."

Not many centuries ago the fall of man was the focal point of theology. "Heretic" was the generic name given to all who ventured to doubt the dogma that man has been sinking deeper and deeper in "natural depravity" ever since the days of his primordial ancestor. Civilization was only another name for the moral retrogression of humanity. Progress was not heaven-ward, but hell-ward. This doctrine of the deterioration of the race induced the belief that the status of our first parents was approximated only by that of uncivilized nations. Accordingly the devout missionary sought among "the heathen" for that harmless innocence and immaculate purity which he piously believed characterized the inhabitants of pristine paradise. His reports very naturally took the color of his prejudice. When men determine *a priori* what they want to find, they seldom seek in vain. Benighted heathendom was found in possession of some of the most subtle and complex mysteries of enlightened Christendom. The words of the pious missionary were not to be questioned; and the hungry faith of the ecclesiastic world devoured them, —

"As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on."

The metaphysical necessity of damning the heathen was thus rendered less inconsistent with Divine Justice. It was not easy to see the soundness of that doctrine which doomed millions of human souls to an eternity of misery, as a retribution for what was an inevitable result of conditions they could not control; but the difficulty in recon-

cing all this with the justice of God was somewhat obviated by the belief that these unfortunate beings had not been left wholly without the light.

To these considerations may be added another which inclined the popular ear to listen to those professional ciceroni of religious ideas who always wear colored glasses. The universality of a desire is regarded as one of the strongest evidences of the thing desired. Nature creates no wants that she does not supply. "*Natura vacuum abhorret*" is a saying that may outlive the teleological philosophy which gave it birth. In nature there is no vacuum, no essential want left unsupplied, no constitutional desire of that which is not. Within the sum of all things, all things are contained. Every being is constituted from, and therefore in harmony with, that which is. Hence there can be no organic want of that which is not. Every want suggests adaptation, a relation between things, and there can be no affinity between something and nothing.

If, then, the desire of immortality be a part of our constitution, it seems almost certain that it must have a realization. To be a part of our constitution, it must be universal, and not only universal, but also primitive. It is not enough to find it common with those only who have reached a certain stage of development; for its originality might then be questioned. It must be universal and original, or the argument is inconclusive.

Such are some of the prejudgments and predispositions that have led to so general an acceptance of the notion that the idea of immortality is intuitional. Although the notion has been shown by indubitable evidence and unquestionable testimony to have not the shadow of a foundation in reason or fact, yet religionists still cling to it with a tenacity that indicates the weakness of their faith. In the light of facts recently placed before the world, such dogmatic persistence in error seems quite inexcusable. If our hope of a future life has no higher assurance than is afforded by the evidence usually adduced to prove that the idea of immortality is innate, then the sooner it is abandoned the better; for, although it may not be impossible sometimes to find pleasure in believing a lie, it is always desirable to know the truth.

The question is yet to be decided whether any of our ideas are innate. Our greatest philosophers have denied the ante-natal origin of any ideas whatsoever. Aristotle taught that the *principia* of science (alleged innate principles) were not congenital, but acquired by induction. John Locke claimed that all our knowledge and ideas flow from

experience. Hume, the greatest philosopher of the eighteenth century, in the opinion of Prof. Huxley, says, in his essay on "The Origin of Ideas," "When we analyze our thoughts or ideas, however compounded or sublime, we always find that they resolve themselves into such simple ideas as were copied from a precedent feeling or sentiment." Alexander Bain, one of the very highest living authorities in mental science, makes the following remarks on innate principles: "It is allowed that experience is the occasion of our being conscious of our intuitive knowledge. We have no idea of space till we encounter extended things, nor of time till we experience continuing or successive things. The innate element is always found in the embrace of an element of sense-perception. This circumstance casts the greatest uncertainty upon the whole speculation." John Stuart Mill, one of the profoundest thinkers of the age, regards the axioms of mathematics as experimental truths, resting on observation. Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin all agree in maintaining the evolution of ideas. Lecky, with reference to our moral conceptions, says, "The proposition for which I am contending is simply that there is such a thing as a natural history of morals, a defined and regular order in which our moral feelings are unfolded." Huxley, in his lecture on "The Physical Basis of Life," finds no way to avoid the concession that all our thoughts are "the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena."

The theory of evolution is everywhere rapidly superseding the doctrine of innate principles, — a doctrine represented in antiquity by the Platonic notion of pre-existence.

But suppose the possibility of such principles be conceded, it would still remain to be determined whether the idea of immortality was original, or, like the great mass of our ideas, acquired. As an unquestionable rule, experience and acquisition will account for our ideas; it therefore lies with the advocate of instinctive truth to make good any exception.

The difficulties in the way of such an attempt are insurmountable, since there is no means of ascertaining the condition of the mind till it has acquired a large stock of ideas. Waiving, then, all claims to a demonstration, as the nature of the case will not admit of such proof, let the question be decided by methods claimed to be legitimate by intuitionists themselves.

The chief characters by which innate truths are supposed to be distinguished from other truths are necessity and universality. But is the proposition that the soul is not mortal — the simplest form of the idea

of immortality — necessarily true and universally recognized? "A proper necessary truth," says Bain, "is one where the subject implies the predicate." A proposition, to be necessarily true, must be such that it cannot be denied without self-contradiction. That the whole is greater than its part is necessary; but that unsupported bodies fall to the earth is contingent, as it might have been otherwise. That the soul is immortal is not necessary; for it is not an identical proposition; its negation is not only possible without self-contradiction, but quite as conceivable as the proposition itself. Universality as a criterion of instinctive truth utterly disappoints the anticipations of the intuitional school; for, if it proves anything, it proves that the idea of immortality is not innate. Some of the lowest tribes of mankind, notwithstanding the fact that Christians have labored zealously and persistently to propagate their religious ideas among "the heathen," have never yet entertained the notion of an immortal soul. In this statement have concurred sailors, traders, Catholic priests, and Protestant missionaries.

"It is evident," says M. Bik, "that the Arafuras, of Vorkay (one of the Southern Arus), possess no religion whatever. . . . Of the immortality of the soul they have not the least conception." Father Bayert, a Jesuit missionary, makes the following remarks concerning the Californians previous to their conversion to Christianity: "I made diligent inquiries among those with whom I lived to ascertain whether they had any conception of God, a future life, and their own souls; but I never could discover the slightest trace of such a knowledge. Their language has no words for 'God' and 'soul.'" According to Hearne, the Hudson's-Bay Indians had no idea of any life after death. The Veddahs, of Ceylon, says Davy, "have no idea of a supreme and beneficent God, or of a state of future existence." Sir John Lubbock says, "The belief in an universal, independent, and endless existence is confined to the very highest races of men." A friend of Mr. Lang's "tried long and patiently to make a very intelligent, docile Australian black understand his existence without a body; but the black never could keep his countenance, and generally made an excuse to get away. One day the teachers watched, and found that he went to have a hearty fit of laughter at the absurdity of the idea of a man living and going about without arms, legs, or mouth to eat; for a long time he could not believe that the gentleman was serious, and when he did realize it, the more serious the teacher was the more ludicrous the whole affair appeared to the black." Of the Hottentots, Kolben says, "It is most certain they neither pray to any one of their deities, nor

utter a word to any mortal concerning the condition of their souls or a future life." Moffat says of the Bechuanas, one of the most intelligent tribes of the interior of South Africa, "I have asked them for the altar of the unknown God, for the faith of their ancestors in regard to the immortality of the soul, or any other religious idea; but they had never thought of such things. When I conversed with their chiefs about a Creator who governs heaven and earth, of original sin and redemption, of the resurrection of the dead and eternal life, it appeared to them as if I spoke of things more fabulous and absurd than their idle tales of lions, hyenas, and jackals." Such is the almost universal testimony of travelers in regard to the most savage races. It would be easy, but unnecessary, to add to the numerous statements already given many others to the same effect. The case is all the stronger, as many of the witnesses have testified to facts utterly opposed to their preconceived opinions. According, then, to the acknowledged tests of innate principles, the idea of immortality is not an original possession of the mind. This conclusion is corroborated by another fact, that children and idiots have no conception of immortality. If this idea were indelibly engraved upon the mind at the outset, it would appear with greatest distinctness in minds least corrupted by borrowed opinions. But children, idiots, and the lowest savages, in whom whatever is innate appears clearest, are found to be quite destitute of such a notion.

The fallacy of the doctrine under consideration is still further apparent when we remember that this idea is complex, being made up of several simple ones, all of which owe their origin to experience and reflection. The existence of the body and the soul as distinct entities, the mortality of the one and the indestructibility of the other, must all have been affirmed before the proposition that the soul is not mortal could have been framed. From whatever side this question is studied, the conclusion invariably follows that the idea of immortality had a secondary origin. It is a fact sustained not only by reason and direct evidence, but also by inferential evidence of such a character that it could hardly fail to carry conviction to the most skeptical mind.

The very low mental condition of savages, which it is extremely difficult for us to realize, is one of the strongest evidences *a priori* that the primitive mind could not apprehend an idea so complex as that of the soul's eternal existence.

It has often been remarked that the savage seems mentally asleep. Like the child, he is fatigued by the slightest mental exertion. He

has a marked aversion for all speculation. According to Park, many of the natives of Africa never indulged a conjecture as to whether the same sun or a different one appeared from day to day. The intellectual stature of a Bushman is vividly portrayed in the following account given by Lichtenstein: "One of our present-guests, who appeared about fifty years of age, who had gray hair and a bristly beard, whose forehead, nose, cheeks, and chin were all smeared over with black grease, having only a white circle round the eye washed clean by the tears occasioned by smoking, — this man had the true physiognomy of the small, blue ape of Caffraria. What gives the more verity to such a comparison was the vivacity of his eyes, and the flexibility of his eyebrows, which he worked up and down with every change of countenance. . . . There was not a single feature in his countenance that evinced a consciousness of mental powers, or anything that denoted emotions of the mind of a milder species than what belong to man in his mere animal nature. When a piece of meat was given him, and half rising he stretched out a distrustful arm to take it, he snatched it hastily, and stuck it immediately into the fire, peering around with his little, keen eyes, as if fearing lest some one should take it away again; all this was done with such looks and gestures that any one must have been ready to swear he had taken the example of them entirely from an ape. He soon took the meat from the embers, wiped it hastily with his right hand upon his left arm, and tore out large, half-drawn bits with his teeth, which I could see going down his meagre throat." However incredible these statements may appear, they are fully paralleled by reports from other sources. The intellectual plane of the Hottentots, Andamanas, many of the Australians and Tasmanians, and some of the Esquimaux, is but little if any better than that of the ape-like Bushman just described. It has been said that the Australian savages cannot count their own fingers, not even those of one hand. The Abipones and Dammaras can only count up to three. If they wish to express four, "they take to their fingers, which are to them as formidable instruments of calculation as a sliding-rule is to an English school-boy." Mr. Crawford examined thirty Australian languages, and found that no one of them carried the numbers above four. The Bushmen, the Brazilian Indians, and the Cape Yorkers of Australia have no word for any number higher than two. The Esquimaux find it difficult to count as high as ten, and some cannot count higher than five. According to Dr. Rae, if one of them is asked the number of his children he is often much puzzled. After counting some time on his fingers, he will probably consult his wife; and the two often differ,

even though they may not have more than four or five. The difficulty which the Dammaras find in the simplest arithmetical calculations is thus admirably set forth by Galton: "When bartering is going on, each sheep must be paid for separately. Thus, suppose two sticks of tobacco to be the rate of exchange for one sheep, it would sorely puzzle a Dammara to take two sheep and give him four sticks. I have done so, and seen a man put two of the sticks apart, and take a sight over them at one of the sheep he was about to sell. Having satisfied himself that that one was honestly paid for, and finding to his surprise that exactly two sticks remained in hand to settle the account for the other sheep, he would be afflicted with doubts; the transaction seemed to come out too 'pat' to be correct, and he would refer back to the first couple of sticks; and then his mind got hazy and confused, and wandered from one sheep to the other, and he broke off the transaction until two sticks were put into his hand, and one sheep driven away, and then the other two sticks given him and the second sheep driven away. When a Dammara's mind is bent upon number, it is too much occupied to dwell upon quantity; thus, a heifer is bought from a man for ten sticks of tobacco, his large hands being both spread out upon the ground and a stick placed upon each finger. He gathers up the tobacco, the size of the mass pleases him, and the bargain is struck. You then want to buy a second heifer; the same process is gone through, but half sticks instead of whole sticks are put upon his fingers; the man is equally satisfied at the time, but occasionally finds it out and complains the next day."

Such is the mental imbecility that characterizes the lowest savage tribes. Nor is it in mathematics alone that this mental inferiority exhibits itself. Some Australians are said to be quite unable to realize the most vivid artistic representations. On being shown a large colored engraving of a New Hollander, "one," says Mr. Oldfield, "declared it to be a ship, another a kangaroo, and so on, not one of a dozen identifying the portrait as having any connection with himself." The Natives of Tahiti sowed some iron nails given them by Capt. Cook, hoping thus to obtain new ones. Chapman's big wagon was supposed by the Bushmen to be the mother of his smaller ones.

Is it any wonder that such hopeless stolidity never indulges speculations about eternal existence? Of all religious beliefs, that of a future life is oftenest found wanting; for it requires a higher degree of intellectual and emotional development than any other.

If the mind made no advancement, if its capacity were not continuously growing, then it might be presumptuous to attempt to determine

the order of ideas by their simplicity or complexity ; for, in that case, whatever order they might have would be due to accident. But the mind does progress, and its progress is not an accident, but the operation of law. Like an inverted cone, with its vertex resting on the earth and its circumference ever expanding as it towers to the illimitable heavens, the mind rises in ever-widening circles of thought towards the circle of the infinite.

Ideas are the embodiments of thought ; as thought clarifies

“By subsidence continuous of previous dregs,”

New florae of ideas start into being, flourish, and in their turn die, adding thus stratum after stratum to the fossil past. The ideologist may not be able to tell us when each layer was deposited, but he can give us the order of their succession with as much certainty as the geologist can classify, though he cannot time, the rocky strata of the earth's crust. It may be very difficult to say when, where, or how the idea of immortality originated ; but its complexity, and the fact that simple ideas are formed first, lead to the conclusion that it was not a primitive idea. It was not the problem of the soul, but the problem of the external world, that first engaged the attention of mankind. The early Greek philosophy is a good illustration of this fact. Thales, Anaximander, and Anaxagoras devoted themselves to the study of natural phenomena. The Italic and Eleatic schools, like the Ionic, limited themselves to the study of external nature. It was not until the time of Socrates that the mind was made the point of departure in philosophy.

The *modus progrediendi* of the mind is still further illustrated by the successive phases of biological classifications. The early classifications were superficial and simple, such as would first suggest themselves. Plants, as well as animals, were first arranged according to some single conspicuous attributes. The popular mind still groups all plants according to the single attribute of magnitude, under the heads of trees, shrubs, and herbs. Beasts, birds, fishes, and creeping things were among the earliest classifications of natural history. Ravinus invented a system of plant classification based on the corolla ; Kamel, on the fruit ; Magnol, on the calyx and corolla ; and Linnæus, on the stamens and pistil : in all of which systems simple external attributes are employed as a means of identification. Modern botanists have rejected the old linear arrangement, and in its place, have substituted a divergent order, based on a wider combination of characters. In zoölogical classification the linear systems have met with a similar

fate. Since the time of Cuvier, the divisions in the animal kingdom have been based on internal organization instead of external appearance.

Thus does the mind always proceed from the apparent to the real, from the outward to the inward, from the visible to the invisible, from the physical to the psychical.

The doctrine that the idea of immortality is innate, an imposition for which the mind was prepared by theological dogmas and the natural fear of death, is, then, disproved by the relation which this idea sustains to that of annihilation, by the acknowledged tests of innate truths, and by the complex character of the idea itself. The low mental condition of savages, the progress of the individual mind from the simple and palpable to the compound and impalpable, and the similar progress of the general mind, as illustrated by the history of philosophy and biological classifications, are reasons leading to the same conclusion.

The decision of the great question, Is immortality a fact? is not at all affected by anything that has been said. In the present state of our knowledge it would be presumptuous to attempt to answer this question. However ardently we may desire assurance of a future life, we are compelled to admit that no such assurance can as yet be based on satisfactory evidence. The problem of a future existence is yet undetermined, and must remain so till the nature of the mind is understood.

Is the mind a distinct and independent entity, or a mere attribute of matter? This is the real question that awaits a scientific answer. Assumption cannot settle it; speculation cannot solve it; intuition cannot grasp it; reason cannot compass it; dark circles can shed no light upon it; reported resurrections cannot determine it. Miracles cannot remove doubts, since they are themselves doubtful. If a thousand honest witnesses testify unanimously that some person has arisen from the dead, what avails it? It is far easier to believe that all the witnesses were deceived than that Nature's laws were ever suspended. No amount of testimony can outweigh experience. Nothing less than a scientific demonstration can settle the question. So long as this is impossible the problem remains indeterminate.

C. O. WHITMAN.

A ROMAN RELIC AT TRÈVES.

BY E. DIETHOFF.

I.

“**H**OW would it do for us to make a Whitsuntide trip to Trèves?” asked the handsome wife of her husband, the manufacturer, as she poured out a fresh cup of coffee. “Our amiable, learned friend, the professor, will perhaps be our *cicerone*.”

“Most gladly, my honored friend,” replied the professor, leaning back in his chair; “but I have engaged to visit, with two of my colleagues, the Lake-dwellings of Switzerland. You perceive” —

“That the most ancient, in fact, are preferred to the ancient,” said the lady, a little vexed; “but how is it with you, — will you not join us?” This was addressed to a young man who sat at a side table turning over some photographic prints, and occasionally interposing some remark in regard to the pictures.

“Trèves?” said he; “why not? I am not acquainted with the place, and the practice of my art requires, at the present day especially, that I should look for myself at men and scenery.”

“Are you a painter?” asked the absent-minded professor, who had forgotten all that the master of the house had told him when he introduced the gentleman, his cousin, on a visit from a distant place.

“No, indeed! I am an author.”

“Ah, yes — excuse me — I remember — you said scenery, did you not? But now I think of it, scenery is in romances what decoration is in the theatre, and by it” —

“And by it the public is so well pleased that it accepts the play”, interrupted the author; “they are always wanting us to give them new scenes, new characters, new plots” —

“Just as it is with us,” remarked the host; “what right have we servants of industry to complain that they are always calling for something new, some other kinds of bronzes, machines, and chemicals than we have on hand, when precisely the same demand is made on you, the darlings of the gods, and you must try to meet it? Don’t be offended, Walter; it is the natural result of competition. One lays the scene of his romance on the Nile, another on the Pampas; and what remains for the rest of you but to charm and content the spoiled child of a public?”

“If that were all!” cried the author. “The map of the whole world gives a sufficient variety; for there is sea as well as land. But this love story — there’s the rub. A famous composer once held forth to me on the difficulty of inventing a new melody, — do, ra, me, fa, la, si, have been set and re-set so many times, — but just consider how many notes the musician can make use of, while we must make variations on the simple theme,

'he loves, he loves not!' And they are always wanting us to give some new tone. What is the first condition of a romance?"

"An obstacle to marriage," interposed the manufacturer.

"Husband! husband!" cried his wife; "how horribly prosaic!"

"Not so far out of the way," replied Walter; "I should have said pretty much the same thing, but in a more roundabout way. This is the main point, why two loving hearts cannot be united. How many variations we have on this theme! Difference of position, property, religion, comic or tragic complications — this is the whole."

"Yes, I must say, it is very hard work to keep two lovers apart who are trying with all their might to come together," said the host, merrily; "and I take a different view of a romance or story from what I did before. The gods give you nothing while you are asleep. Take a journey, friend, that you may find what you are seeking for; perhaps you will come across something that will give you the material you want."

"Don't be disturbed by his impertinence, Walter," interposed Minna; "he is not so bad as he makes himself out to be. Go with us: we will make a pilgrimage to the old Roman Trèves, and then taunt our professor for not accompanying us. Disloyal one — why will you let us grope about in archaeological darkness, and allow all the light of your science to shine upon the pile-dwellings under water?"

"My dear friend, I really cannot go! But I will write to my friend, Prof. Vogelmann, to go in my place."

"Then it's settled that we go, dear Curt?" said his wife, turning to the manufacturer.

"What the wife wills, God wills — I am a well-trained husband, Minna. And then, like an amiable host, I will give our cousin an opportunity to write a new romance or story. Who knows that we shall not dig one up out of the ground, as they do old mosaics?"

"That word 'mosaics' reminds me," said the professor, "that you ought not to forget the mosaic-work at Nennig, or the echinite pillars, or — but Vogelmann will show you everything."

So it was decided to make the trip, and two days before Whitsuntide the party set out. On they journeyed, by the iron works, and the coal mines, the coke furnaces, and the smoking chimneys of the Saar district, on to Saarlouis, whose Prussiandom did not save Michael Ney from being shot as a Frenchman. They left the valley of Mettlach, and now the slate-stone and granite hills bordered close upon the river's bank. They took a row boat up the Saar, and saw high above them the railway train thundering along its narrow, rocky road-bed.

"Here we are!" cried the manufacturer. "See there above, that is Castell, our first Roman post, and there is Clause."

They looked up. Far above, on the summit of an almost perpendicular cliff, was a Romish wall, and a new edifice in the composite style of architecture while a church tower gleamed in the distance in the glaring light of a noon-day sun.

"That is Castell,—the old Roman Castell,—and beyond is Clause, where the Bohemian king John is buried."

"Who, who did you say is buried there?"

"Romantic enough, my good sir. No other than the blind John of Luxemburg, the royal Don Quixote. Ha, Crecy! Black Prince! Leopard and lion! Red rose and white rose, Montjoye, Saint Denis! Here blooms the blue flower of the romantic!"

"But, cousin, how does it happen that this last of the knight-errants, this blind man, who with set lance charged into the English ranks, and whose motto, 'Ich dien,' is still on the coat of arms of the Prince of Wales, —how is it that he, the founder of the Luxemburgs in Bohemia, should be resting up there?"

"Really wonderful. But just see how everything may happen after death to one, if, in his lifetime, he has been a chivalrous king. John of Bohemia, father of the Emperor Charles IV., fell, as every one knows, at the battle of Crecy. He was buried in a church at Luxemburg. After four hundred years and more the old church threatened to fall, and so it was taken down. The pewter coffins were sold to the highest bidder. The royal inscription on the coffin did not count for much in 1792, and the fate of being melted up into spoons impended over the coffin and the royal bones. As it happened, the founder of the Mettlach manufactory took pity on the poor king, and bought him for a dozen francs or so, payable in assignats. For years, until 1833, the dead king stood in the warehouse of a porcelain manufactory, at Mettlach, among the refuse cups and half-baked plates. In that year King Frederic William IV., then Crown Prince, visited the Rhine Province, and Herr Boch had the honor of showing him his manufactory. "Your royal highness," said he, "our house lodges now a kingly guest."

"How is that? Whom do you mean?"

"King John, the blind king of Bohemia. Will your royal highness be at the trouble of going into the upper loft, or shall I have him brought down?"

The Crown Prince was somewhat vexed that no better place of deposit could be found for a deceased king. But Herr Boch thought that it belonged to kings to build mausoleums, and sent the dead king, together with his pewter coffin, to his royal highness. Castell, just at that time, presented Clause to the Crown Prince; and he, reverential as he was, provided a resting-place for the dead king, erecting over him a memorial chapel and a tomb."

"Thank heaven that he rests at last!" cried the author; "to think of these royal remains in a warehouse would be too vulgar."

They stepped inside the chapel, where the blue and purple light shone through the painted window upon the black marble sarcophagus with its crowned lions of bronze. The fresh mountain air blew through the open hall, blooming vines gently waved, and their shadows crept silently over the monument, beneath which his dust reposed who in his lifetime had given away crowns, and after his death had been sold for a handful of francs. Silently the author and Minna gazed upon the tomb of the Bohemian.

"Scharzberger, twenty groschen a bottle; Graacher, fourteen groschen; Wiltinger—"

"Curt! Curt!" cried his wife, putting her hands over her ears, "you are insufferable!"

"But, my dear, what would you have? I was only reading what is on the tablet fastened to this pillar. I thought it was an epitaph; but I see it is nothing but a list of wines."

"How can any one be so tasteless—no, so barbarous?" cried the wife, angrily. "This has entirely destroyed all the sentiment."

"The sentiment! dearest, mine has been much inspired—and the dead king—I think one cannot wish for anything better than to hear cheerful voices about his tomb. This a different sort of a resting-place from that down in the warehouse, or in the crumbling church; now he rests not only in peace, but in joy."

II.

Prof. Vogelmann had joined them at Trèves. He was a small, rather puny man, but friendly and communicative, with the dust of the schools still clinging to him.

To what point should they first turn their attention? To thee, colossal, iron Porta-Nigra, in thy gigantic might bidding defiance to the centuries! No moss nor lichen finds lodgment between the points of your Cyclopean masonry, around which the flames of the burning imperial city have curled in vain. The Huns have heaped around thee the corpses of its citizens, the Norman arrows and Saxon balls have glanced harmlessly from thy brow. The professor was a walking lexicon, and learnedly discoursed about the splendor of the times of Hadrian and Constantine, the architecture of Porta-Nigra in particular and Roman edifices in general, without heeding at all the fact that his dissertations were listened to with only so much attention as courtesy required. The structure itself, blackened by age and yet almost untouched by the passing years, with its grand proportions, its arches and pillars, spoke more eloquently for itself than all the professors in a body could have done. And the golden sunlight, the flowers and blossoms of May, the rosy light of the evening sky, against which the dark mass of the towering gateway was sharply outlined—what words could be eloquent enough to describe what the eye saw of these!

"It is a fact that here stood the royal palace, the *palatium regium* of the Romans, the Königsburg of the Franks, on this very spot; for"—

"My dear professor," interrupted the manufacturer's wife, "does that arch, rising out of the grass yonder, belong to the baths?"

"That, gracious lady, that arched window was for hundreds of years used as a city gate. The excavations have disclosed the fact that this arch is in the third story, and that old Trèves is several feet under ground, as you can see from the mosaic pavement found in house No. 222."

The party inspected the magnificent ruins, the bathing-tubs, the cabinets,

the extensive arrangements, the rich marble ornaments that faced the walls, fragments of pillars and capitals of Carrara marble, which gave some idea of the splendor that once reigned here.

And now for the amphitheatre! Two towers, one on each side; the arena is open and the sight-seers enter—the bright blue sky looks down upon the open space, a lark rises warbling over the empty rows of seats, a hare peeps out from the lower enclosures where beasts and gladiators fought, a grape-vine whispers in the wind where once head above head shouted applause at the contest, wild roses bloom on the seat of the Emperor, before whom the combatants filed, saying, “*Mori tui te salutant, Cæsar!*” and not an eye-lash trembled. Here stood the pretorian guards, and there was the box of the priestesses of Vesta.

No one desired to speak; but the unwearied professor profited by the general silence to expatiate upon the bloody contests, the lions and bears, the *retiarii* with their nets and glittering harpoons, the Gallic shields and Thracian swords, until at last the lady broke in, “Enough, enough! my dear professor; I desire to hear nothing more of the Romans or Tréverians, if you have nothing to tell us but of blood and slaughter!”

“Oh! I can show you a monument of a more peaceful sort, the echinite pillar, which is eighty feet high and sculptured all over with scenes of Roman domestic life: the son departing for the Alps with the laden sumpter-horse; the same returning; the feast; the kitchen; the spinning room. We see ships sailing under a fair wind, and the eagle of Zeus bearing Gany-mede up to heaven; for this monument was erected to a Roman who died young. And then nymphs seem to be drawing young Hylas, who holds a staff in his hand, underneath the water. Everything relates to the arts of peace, and to household life, with no fasces, weapons, or any other indications of battle and strife. The fire burns on the hearth, the servant mixes wine in the amphoral, baggage wagons are loaded, the father steps from his chamber to meet”—

“Let us go on farther!” cried the lady. “It seems to me as if the ghosts of those murdered here are thronging around us.”

“Then look out upon this laughing, sunny landscape,” said her husband; “see the light gleaming on the windows of the church, and the Moselle like a silver ribbon! What a beautiful land! The rulers of the world knew what they were about when they built their villas on these hills.”

The proposal was now made to repair to Nennig, in order to see the famous mosaics of that place.

“To Nennig?” asked the professor, his face assuming a portentous length.

“Yes, certainly,” said the lady, with animation, “and we have counted especially on your leadership there.”

“I have read some things about it,” said the author, “and in those mosaics one admires particularly the representations of the gladiatorial contests”—

"No, no!" cried the professor, hastily seizing his hat. "Nennig! no: on no consideration. You will go, of course—but I—I"—

He stammered, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Are you ill?" anxiously inquired the lady.

"No: not that—but—but—I must give you an explanation why I cannot go to Nennig. Those mosaic floors—would they were covered up in eternal night! If that honest peasant had never come across them—the Nennig villa would then have remained unknown to science, and my life would not have been deprived of its happiness. What an amazement, what an excitement, when that glorious pavement, one piece after another, was taken up from the plowed field; when spearmen and panthers, Gallic bear-fighters, Celts and Germans, gladiators, lions, and tigers battling together, came out in clear relief! What ecstasy! I was one of the first and the most zealous—and then, alas! But I am incomprehensible to you; I must go farther back. I studied at Bonn, and was there betrothed to the daughter of an eminent professor and antiquarian. What a girl! What erudition! I had never believed that this girl, to whom I looked up as to Pallas Athene, would ever bless me with her love; but she did. I was the happiest of mortals; we vied with each other in study, in going deep into antiquity. Heavens, how enthusiastic one is, and how he plans when he is young!"

"Yes: every one in his own way," remarked the manufacturer, dryly: "to go deep into antiquity is not now just the style with youthful lovers."

"Octavia was not so very young," said the professor, by way of correction; I cannot comprehend the taste of men for insipid girls. The ripe, the proud woman—but I will not moralize. We were betrothed, and then came years during which we did not see each other much; but we corresponded a great deal. I was at Trèves when the Nennig mosaics were unearthed. They were almost as precious to me as Octavia. My letters were all filled with them. I undertook a great work which was to be called, 'The Romans at Trèves.' It was to make me famous and worthy of my betrothed. Just then the Nennig inscriptions came to light, and I contested their genuineness, even before Mommsen. You recollect the great noise it made. I was a zealous partisan, and—a journal fell into my hands in which, with an immense amount of learning, the genuineness of the inscriptions was maintained. It was signed, 'O. S.' Who was that? I replied to the learned ignoramus sharply, scornfully if you will, and demanded to know the anonymous author. It was Octavia! At the price of her love I was to retract my opinions. Could I do it? I prayed, I entreated, I was willing to make some concessions. But she wanted more than that. Rather renounce"—

"But such a trifling matter!" cried the handsome woman, displeased.

The professor eyed her sharply through his spectacles, but did not seem to make a very deep impression, as she asked whether it was possible that such a relation could be broken for a few paltry inscriptions.

"Walter," cried Curt, striking the author heartily on the shoulder, "here you have it; a new romance, with archæological, philological obstacles to marriage!"

The wife reproved her husband's jesting humor, beseeching him to have more regard for the professor's feelings. After his narration he had stepped aside to get the mastery of his emotion.

"You may do as you please," said she, "but I shall not go to Nennig; I have had enough of antiquity; let us enjoy ourselves the rest of the day at Schneidershof, and to-morrow we will go down the river to Coblenz instead of going to Nennig."

The proposition found universal approval.

Minna asked the professor, with sympathetic curiosity, concerning Octavia's life, and learned that after her father's death she had opened on the Rhine a young ladies' boarding-school, and had met with great success.

They went farther up the mountain to get some favorable points of view, and then turned silently back, wearied with the day's sight-seeing; the author, as the youngest and most impatient, went first; then Minna, leaning on her husband's arm, and the professor closing the procession. He stopped occasionally, turning up a stone here and there with his cane; he had a fixed idea that he was walking over buried mosaics. He looked sharply around, and saw at a distance in the wood some fragments of tiles. How could they have come there? He examined piece after piece, and at last found from the mark upon them that they were the remnants of a peasant's clay hut. He threw away in vexation the pieces of brick, and wiped the dirt from his hands with his pocket-handkerchief.

III.

The professor had never entertained the opinion that he was a hero, but nevertheless a stout heart beat in his bosom, as he had now an opportunity of testing. All at once he thought he heard a cry of distress from the depth of the wood: he stopped and hearkened; it was really a voice imploring for help amidst pitiful sobbing. Without thinking of anything else but how he could render assistance, with only his walking-stick and his pocket-knife for a weapon, he drew out the latter, opened it, and stuck it as a bandit does his dagger under his vest. Then, with courageous resolution, he advanced towards the thicket whence the sound issued, calling out in the loud-est tone, "Who's there? who's there?"

He broke through the underbrush like a fleeing deer, crying, "Here! here!" but he could get no farther; for the skirt of his summer coat caught in the thorns and he was held fast.

"Oh, what shall I do?" came from a young girl, light and slender as an elf, who stood suddenly before him. The professor wiped his spectacles, and tugged violently at his coat-tails, with no small damage to the same, in order that he might have a free field to meet the enemy, whom he supposed

was in hot pursuit of the maiden. But no robber appeared. Glowing with excitement and fast running, her brown, childlike eyes filled with tears, a wreath of oak-leaves in her disheveled hair, a bunch of strawberry flowers in the belt of her modest, rose-colored dress, a traveling cape of white cambric over her shoulders, and a brown straw hat with its long ribbons hanging down her back, stood in front of him, a girl about fourteen years of age, imploringly stretching out both hands, in which she held clinched tightly a nosegay of wild flowers that had already begun to wilt.

The professor was more astonished by this apparition than he had been by the red tiles, and exclaimed: "My dear child, what is the matter? How did you come here?"

"Ah!" sobbed the beautiful little maiden, "I have lost my way; our school was making a Whitsuntide excursion—yonder—ah! I don't know where—we drank coffee. Then—we wove wreaths—gathered flowers—and I am—and I wanted—and I found some strawberries—and I went into the wood—and now they're all gone—and I was so afraid, and"—

She could not go on; her voice was stifled by sobs.

"Well, well, don't cry so, my little lamb," consoled the tender-hearted professor. "We are not in a primeval Brazilian forest, thank God. A few hundred paces and we can get into the road which leads down the mountain."

"But it's getting dark now," cried the troubled child.

"I will show you the way, my little lamb; where do you want to go?"

"Ah! to Mademoiselle and the girls," said she, wiping the tears from her flushed face.

"And where are they to be found?" The maiden wept afresh. "We can't find them; it's too late now! we were going in the half-past eight train."

"It is darker here than it is outside the wood; don't have any more concern, my darling, for if we walk fast we shall be in time for the train."

"Do you think so? You have come like an angel; yes, you really are my good angel, and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live."

The professor felt flattered and moved; he was unwilling to detract from this complacency by explaining how little real danger there had been, and how near the road was. "Well, well, give me your little hand, darling; take hold of your dress; these thorns have torn my coat half off my body."

"And you have met this harm on my account! but if I may be allowed to offer it, I have at home a great deal of money saved up, and one gold ducat from my great grandmamma."

"Why! are you so rich as that, my little one? Keep your ducats and think of me. Well, see, here we are out of the wood, and"—he drew out his watch—"we have three-quarters of an hour before the train starts."

The professor's party had missed him when they reached the highway, and now walked slowly, expecting that he would overtake them.

"Look yonder," said Walter; "what a crowd of young girls, all dressed

alike, about the station! what a bustle and chirping and buzzing! It is like a swarm of bees."

"The queen-bee is probably away for awhile, and the little folks are taking advantage of it to enjoy themselves," said Curt.

"I do not think so," observed Minna. Just see how troubled all the children look, how excited some of them are, and some are even weeping. What can it be—and I see no head there, but people are crowding about the young troop out of curiosity—what can be the matter?"

"Oh, there comes the queen-bee back to her swarm," said Curt, pointing to two ladies, who now came out of the station, accompanied by the depot master and several subordinates, in a high degree of excitement. One of the ladies, a thin, oldish person, whose eyes were red with crying, turned towards the uneasy troop of girls, and exhorted them in English and French to be quiet, without producing any perceptible results. The other, who was making gesticulations as she stepped down from the platform, was a very tall, lean form, with an erect bearing and straight as an arrow. There was something dictatorial in her whole appearance and manner, something a little too energetic in the expression of her countenance, her sharp, Roman nose, and the firmly set lips. She wore blue spectacles, and an Italian straw hat, from which fluttered a blue veil. Her gray dress was tucked up in order not to present any obstacle in walking.

The buzzing and humming of the girlish swarm reached her ear, and with a commanding sweep of her hand she said, "Silence, mes demoiselles!" at the same time darting a reproving look at the powerless assistant, who was beseeching them to keep order with uplifted hands.

The principal herself seemed greatly excited; she sent off messengers and called them back again, went into the telegraph office, the saloon, down to the river, and ran this way and that, her countenance becoming more disturbed and her movements more energetic.

"One of the girls is lost, carried off—who knows what?" was what Minna learned from the assistant, who took no notice of the severe reproofs which the principal launched forth upon her.

"Ah, poor Lillie!" said a very small pupil, weeping. "If she has to stay all night in the wood, the wolves will come and eat her up."

"There are no wolves here," asserted an older girl; but, mademoiselle, are there not wolves in the Ardennes, and"—

"There she comes! There she comes!" cried two dozen voices at once, interrupting the geographical exercise of their fellow-pupil. "Lillie! Lillie!" and, without listening to the call of the assistant, they all rushed with fluttering veils and capes to meet their lost playmate.

The principal was just depicting to the sympathizing Minna the despair of the parents at losing their only child, and her own ruin and disgrace, and how she would thank, on her knees, any one who would restore her, when the cry, "There she comes!" struck upon her ear. Forgetting all her dignity, she joined in the general rush; she saw the troop of her rosy, white-

caped proteges gathered about a strange gentleman whom she knew must be the girl's preserver.

"Sir!" cried she, "accept my—" thanks, she was going to say; but the word died on her lips. There she stood, not exactly eye to eye, but spectacles to spectacles, in presence of her former betrothed,—him who had offended her, him who had doubted the Nennig inscriptions.

"Octavia!" cried he.

"Gottlieb!" exclaimed she; for she forgot that in happier days she used to call him Theophilus. Then they recovered their composure and greeted each other in due form, but with trembling voices, as Herr Professor and Fräulein Silbermans.

The manufacturer elevated his eye-brows. "This then, is she? Well, every one to his taste!"

Lillie was almost overwhelmed with the caresses of mademoiselle and the girls; it seemed almost as if she had been raised from the dead. The principal soon recovered her pedagogic equilibrium, and proceeded to address a few serious remarks to the lost lamb of the flock. The manufacturer took advantage of this interval to approach the professor.

"Friend," said he urgently, "make your hay while the sun shines. Must not even the stubborn Octavia acknowledge the value of your discovery?"

"I? I am not sure! They were nothing but tiles of the present time," said the professor, in a feeble tone.

"What, slate-stones and antiquity? You have dug up something better than any old fossil,—a pretty girl," pointing to Lillie, who was shyly coming up to make formal thanks and take leave of him.

"She is no antique, at any rate," said the professor, scrutinizing the girl through his spectacles.

"But the queenly Octavia is antique enough," smiled the manufacturer to himself, drawing back as he saw the stately dame advancing toward his friend. "Hold on to your discovery," he whispered to the professor.

"What a strange encounter!" cried Minna. "Only see, husband, how moved the professor seems to be!"

"And how reflective our author," said Curt, laughing. "You can make either a story or a comedy out of it, as you please, Walter."

"I thank you!" returned he, somewhat vexed; for he was watching, not the old lovers, but two of the school-girls, who, in the sublime consciousness of being full sixteen years old, stood a little apart from the rest, and knew very well that the handsome, fair-complexioned young man was looking at them, although their gaze was very attentively fixed on a tree-top where there was not a thing worth observing.

The professor now came up. "You will excuse me, respected lady, if I now take leave. The ladies are, of course, under excitement, and as they are without any male protector, I have—I shall—"

The bell rang, the professor took leave, and the whole troop crowded towards the cars, the strict Octavia counting them to see that no one was

missing. Two *coupes* full of girls' faces were pressed against the windows, and from the car-door the delighted professor waved a friendly farewell, and they were off.

In the autumn, when the fruit had ripened which blossomed in May, the travelers to the Roman Trèves were present at a wedding festival, and Octavia and Theophilus stood before the altar as husband and wife. The white-robed Lillie, the relic dug up at Whitsuntide, officiated as bridesmaid. The author was there also, and sat between the two young ladies, who now claimed to have been graduated a full week, and to have remained only for the wedding. One wore a blue, the other a red ribbon, and the young author was in perplexity to which of them he should give his heart. At dessert the manufacturer raised his glass and toasted the Romans on the Moselle, concluding by hoping that every seeker would make as fine a discovery, every lover receive his recompense, and every inscription its devout believer.

A LETTER FROM MR. CONWAY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RADICAL:

In reply to what I have written concerning the Bible, Mr. David Plumb selects two of my points for dispute. The first is the significance attached by me to the fact that an English murderer, Mobbs, was found to have read principally "The Police News" and the Bible, particularly the story of Cain and Abel contained in the latter. Mr. Plumb says the natural effect of the story of Cain would be the reverse of any stimulant to a similar crime, because "Abel's blood cried from the ground unto God against the murderer, and caused him to be branded and set adrift to wander as a vagabond in the earth." Mr. Plumb is mistaken. Cain was not branded, but a mark of distinct protection is said to have been set upon him. "The Lord said unto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." Never was there a luckier murderer. He dwelt in the neighborhood, married, had a large and prosperous family, and built a city. It is possible that Mobbs expected a similar protection after a murder as cruel; but English law does not take so much pains to protect murderers. I selected the case of Mobbs because it occurred about the time I was writing; another has occurred since in the case of Isaac Finch, who murdered his wife. The newspaper report now before me says, "Finch was apprehended half an hour afterwards in a field, and he then had blood on his shirt-sleeves and trowsers; he had a Bible in his pocket with the leaves turned down at the death of Solomon and David. A chopper was found," &c. Of course this does not show that the incidents of the death of Solomon and David stimulated Finch to murder, but it does show that the Bible was his familiar companion. It is also worthy of note that David, the "man

after God's heart," died pledging Solomon to slay a man he (David) had sworn to protect, and that Solomon's last act, recorded in the same verse with his death, was his effort to assassinate the best man of that period. Mr. Plumb honors the Bible for its "rebukes of all sin"! Not only are these monstrous, murderous crimes of David and Solomon mentioned without rebuke, but there are scores of the basest crimes mentioned as commended by Jehovah. "Its preceptive code, from Genesis to Revelation," says Mr. Plumb, "utters its abhorrence and prohibition of murder and all other crime;" examples of which may be quoted, — the provisions that every one who killed his cattle without offering some of it in the tabernacle to the Lord should be put to death; that whosoever should eat any meat with blood in it should be put to death; that any one who married a deceased brother's wife or wife's sister should be put to death; and that kindling a fire on the Sabbath should be punished with stoning to death.

And to these traits of the preceptive part of the Bible for which Mr. Plumb has such admiration I may add the plain sanctions of slavery. I assure Mr. Plumb that I have read most of the works to which he refers as showing the Bible to be antislavery, and that they seem to me mere specimens of casuistry. It is the command from Sinai that men shall not covet their neighbors' slaves; and in Exodus xii. 44 the relation signified is defined as "every man's servant that is bought for money." What does Mr. Plumb make of such passages as "Thy bond-men and thy bond-maids which thou shalt have shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bond-men and bond-maids" (Lev. xxv.), and of the provision which was adopted from Exodus (xxi.) into the Southern code, that if a man killed his slave he should be excepted from the usual capital punishment for the reason that "he is his money"? It is really ludicrous that Mr. Plumb should bring against these rules the commands against "oppressing" the "stranger" or "one another." These patriarchs did not regard slavery as an oppression any more than the Christian Southerners did. And as for the law of death for him who "stealeth a man and selleth him," it seems incredible that Mr. Plumb should regard it as being an antislavery provision when it comes in a chapter (Ex. xxi.) which begins, "If thou buy a Hebrew servant six years he shall serve," &c. Slavery could not get on anywhere without a law against man-stealing. Still more amazing is it that one should hold that the Roman laws of slavery were dissolved and all bonds broken by conversion to Christianity. Passing by the obvious command of Paul that servants (slaves) should obey their masters, that they should do it with "fear and trembling," and his recognition (Colossians, — admitting for the argument that Paul wrote these various "epistles") of parents and children, wives and husbands, servants and masters, as the three normal relationships among disciples, Mr. Plumb quotes the precept, "They that have believing masters, let them not *despise* them, because they are *brethren*;" that is, says Mr. Plumb, "not disregard their service because their bonds were broken," &c. Would it not have been more appropriate, if the bonds had been broken, for Paul to have written, "They that *have had* believing masters"? As to the return of Onesimus to Philemon by Paul, the latter no doubt wrote many fine sentiments to the slaveholder on the occasion; doubtless the Rev. Nehemiah Adams would have done the same to a brother in Georgia. Nevertheless Paul sends the fugitive back and acknowledges the supreme authority of Philemon's owner to do as he pleased. "I beseech thee for my son Onesimus," he says, and that though he (Paul) desired to retain him to minister in "the bonds of the gospel," the bonds of slavery were so much more authoritative that "without thy mind would I do nothing; that thy benefit should be, as it were, not of necessity, but willingly;" which acknowledges Philemon's legal rights as a slaveholder to be above

the claims of the gospel. It also has a suspicious look when read by the light of the postscript, — "Withal prepare me also a lodging."

Concerning my general charge, that the Bible, as at present used, fosters evil, Mr. Plumb argues, that, even if such be the case, it constitutes no reason for the suppression of that book. Suppose the story of Cain did stimulate Mobbs to his crime, he says, "is the Bible responsible for it? . . . On the same principle every book that records a murder stimulates to the crime; and, if the Bible should be suppressed for its murder accounts, every history should be suppressed for the same reason." Here the issue between us becomes clear. In this, as well as when he recalls how proslavery divines adduced the Bible to sustain their nefarious system, Mr. Plumb admits that men who have a strong inclination to do wrong are liable to seek justifications of that wrong in the "Word of God," as he calls it. The slaveholder dwells on the fact that Abraham, "the friend of God," was a slaveholder, and the murderer may be supposed to contemplate with interest the many murders said to be enjoined and commended by Jehovah. Now he is right in saying that these records should not on this account be suppressed. But my contention is that they should not be the daily food of children, and should not be distributed to society as representing the word of God. One may hold that for certain purposes "The Newgate Calendar" is a useful publication, yet not place it on every table and call it sacred. So much of the Bible as is of direct moral benefit would make a very small pamphlet; but for antiquarian and scholastic purposes the whole of it is useful. Only let it be treated as other historical books are treated, only let the notion of its supernatural authority be withdrawn, and there is no difficulty in the case. Mr. Plumb knows well that if the same stories of incest, obscene fornications, &c., told in the Bible were printed with the names and scenery of New York, and hawked about the streets, he and others would demand the interference of the police. Why is it then that he is willing that this licentious literature should be freely circulated in the Bible? Is it not because he has a regard for that book not founded upon common sense, but simply upon superstition? Goethe once attended a society met to advocate the expurgation of licentious books, and suggested that they should begin on the Bible. The society, I believe, did not meet again.

Unless such were the case I cannot imagine that a man of his ability could write such an eulogium of the Bible, as above all other books, as that with which he concludes his letter. What must be the condition of mind under which an intelligent American can regard the literature of an ignorant, semi-barbarous tribe as rising above Newton's "Principia" for science, above Plato for philosophy, Homer and Shakespeare for poetry, the Vedas for antiquity, Saadi and Confucius for ethics, and Zoroaster or Emerson for spirituality? The claim is absurd to any one who has not a superstition about the Bible. We may as well be told that ancient Syria had a more perfect system of telegraph than we have, and juster laws, as that it had a higher inspiration and larger religious knowledge. Even the fact that Syria had the greatest religious genius — and I yield to none in enthusiastic admiration for the Teacher of Palestine — cannot set aside the law of moral evolution and progress, any more than the genius of Galileo forestalled that of Darwin. If Jesus had not been cut off in youth no doubt he would have got more clear of the superstitions around him; but, as it is, can any rational man say that a teacher who believed in hell-fire and devils, and who recommended eunuchism, had a religion as exalted as the purest Theism of the present day?

I am, sir, faithfully yours,

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

NOTES.

THE age is hardly aware of its own drift. Standing a little aside from the whirl of events, one may observe what he would otherwise overlook. It is indeed a time of "new departures." But for what region and climate is all the world departing? Are you puzzled? Do you say, "It is difficult to tell—Hades, perhaps"? You cannot be quite honest in that conviction. Else, why do you *smile*? Or do you indeed take a sort of grim delight in *knowing the worst*, and feeling that doomsday is certain? If you do, smile on; but you are going to be mightily disappointed, if you live, a few centuries hence. Do you not see what is the matter with mankind at present? There is a plain record—if you can read it amid this universal breaking-up of an old and effete civilization. But you must not be too much put out by the noise and tumult of the Smashers whom God has let loose on this planet just at this present time. Beware of them if you will; but rest assured that it all means somewhat that it is worth your while to study into. So widespread a discontent, so general a movement away from old beliefs, comes of a *New Conviction* which this world has got to face, and in some form adopt, before the reign of peace begins. Now, what do you discover? If you are thinking of politics, you see that the people no longer believe in the "divine right" of their kings, and only tolerate them because they cannot for the present help themselves. They over-act their part? Very likely. But thus much has come to pass: each monarch, however absolute, feels that he must have an ear open to public opinion. If he braves it for a time, like Kaiser William, it is because he rests in the conviction that public opinion, when initiated into secrets that must be kept from the enemy, will prop his throne with greater faith. But this same public opinion is fast educating itself in self-confidence. It will have agents, and not kings; representatives, and not rulers; servants to perform its bidding, and will not believe that one man or a few men are wiser than all men. In the fierceness of this first outbreak there is much to be deplored: but the stream long pent up must rush away until the waters gain their natural flow. And if they carry in their course to destruction much you would preserve, reflect that the world gets on by sacrifice, and only so; and will rebuild what is worthy to stand with a nicer adaptation to the new order. The progress of civilization is costly. The world pays dearly for its blunders and passions. But the situation is desper-

ate ; and often, to extricate itself, society goes mad : but the sanity of the movement at last appears, and you pardon the excess. Is it not a gain, then, to advance, by whatever revolution, from the pitiless rule of Cæsarism to the sway of public opinion? For, however violent and wrong this last-named power may at times become, there is inevitably in it a tendency to right itself, — a disposition to restore the scales of virtue and justice.

Turn, now, to religion. What do you see? The whole world in the condition of protest? No established faith anywhere? No universal belief? Look once more. Let your ears be deaf to the roar of denial. Follow these same deniers home to their private thinking, where, for a season, there is a truce to fighting. Why was the one you met so fierce against the Pope? He has no private grudge against the old man at the Vatican. But the man stands there for an idea that holds mankind in spiritual vassalage. He is not the only representative that idea has. Christianity itself is burdened with it. Every Christian church, Catholic or Protestant, is, in some manner, an organized representative of it. The whole system appeals, with more or less rigor, to some authority outside of your own conscience and reason. God's commands, as it interprets them, need not be in harmony with any private sense of the *Ought* that is within you. God speaks not to you, nor in you, nor through you ; but his "Word" is given to other men, that they may make you acquainted with it. Who *are* these other men? Why does God prefer *them*? Why has he given the consciences of mankind into *their* keeping? This "denier" whom you have met does not believe the story. He gives no credit to such assumptions. He will not submit to them. Bible, Church, Jesus, and the whole catalogue of priests, he will sweep away ; but he will not abandon the freedom of his own mind, — the sanctity of conscience.

Well, is not this a gain? Is it not an advance as an idea on the old faith in a special revelation, unaccountable to human reason or understanding, made and given in charge to special men, who are no wiser nor better than thousands of their fellows? What else has it at heart, at last, but the supremacy of virtue and right reason? Ideas are to be measured by their logical promise. The follies and misstatements with which they are for the time connected fall away. Clearer minds and unselfish hearts arise to purify the atmosphere and give a fragrance to life.

The drift of the age, at least, stimulates this expectation. Do you lose your infallible Pope? You gain possession of your own soul. Do you find no infallible Bible? You fall back to trust your own vision,

and hear the voice of reason everywhere. Do you see Jesus walking among men as himself only a man, and so lose your heaven-born Lord? You are restored to your own birthright, and have the privilege of being a son of God yourself. God becomes your present source of supply, and is no longer "a Hebrew tradition." To this invisible Well you may go and drink and thirst no more.

What then is the burden of all this protest and passion? It is that all those hindrances of Church and State which, under pretense of media'ting, are separating mankind from God, shall be removed. Men claim the present and shining light of God to show them what they may do for themselves and each other.

THE questions of the moral or spiritual life are not affected by the intellectual or moral stature of Jesus, and no Radical can take other interest in the discussion than is prompted by the desire to rightly estimate the characters of all who have lived on the earth and left their fame to posterity. There seems to be no excuse, however, for any to set him up, lawyer-like, and try him as a prosecuting attorney would a criminal. His name has suffered enough from the treatment of Orthodoxy. Radicals can afford, in all justice, to show him a little personal sympathy, and especially since they do not propose to ride into heaven on his back.

FATHER TAYLOR's little prayer, as prayers go, is quite refreshing: "Blessed Jesus, give us common sense, and let no man put blinkers on us, that we can only see in a certain direction, for we want to look around the horizon; yea, to the highest heavens and to the lowest depths of the ocean."

ROBERT COLLYER finds a hearty welcome among the Unitarians of England, in spite of the "loose way" of saying things to which he is addicted. At their Festival he told them, "I like to meet a company of Unitarians that will speak out their convictions, and show, as we say in the West, that they 'ain't nothing else, nohow.'" "We are no better for being Unitarians and at the same time tasting very strongly of Orthodoxy. "You have a right to feed your hearts on the story of the past. But I tell you it began to be a question whether Egypt was going to live much longer, when she paid more attention to embalming her grandfathers than she did to inspiring her children." He rejoiced that the Unitarians were not "going to tumble the cream back into the blue milk."

. Are the signs as hopeful this side the water?

MR. CONWAY'S "Earthward Pilgrimage" seems to have produced a strong impression on both friends and foes in England. In a recent debate in the House of Commons, Mr. Bouverie, a conservative, spoke of it as a work of remarkable ability, and quoted passages from it to show that a revolutionary school of thought on social subjects is growing to strength in Great Britain. "The Theological Review" says, "The book is full of suggestive thoughts, poetically and pointedly expressed: and though, to a thoughtful and judicious reader, he may seem extravagant, one-sided and unfair in his statements and representations, the general impression left by the whole is that it is the earnest and healthy skepticism of a man of real genius." "The Academy" speaks of Mr. Conway's style as possessing "high intellectual vitality, the subtle, pointed, exquisite manner, the fertility in sparkling conceits, striking analogies and similes, happy historical allusions and anecdotes," and his charges against the traditional religion, though violent, as "so refined and cultivated, so cool, disengaged, full of well-bred restraint, as almost to persuade us of their moderation."

"THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE" says of Mr. Weiss's new book: "From the specimens we have given of Mr. Weiss's trains of thought, our readers may obtain an idea, correct, although inadequate, of the main drift of this remarkable volume, which we do not hesitate to pronounce one of the most original and suggestive which have ever appeared in our native literature."

"THE MODERN EPOCH IN POLITICS" is a new work by D. A. Wasson, which will, when published, if we do not mistake, create a "sensation" of a wholesome character.

"THE SPIRITUAL ANNALIST AND SCIENTIFIC RECORD" is the name of a new magazine, edited by J. H. W. Toohey, and published in Boston by W. F. Brown & Co. It is ably conducted.

We shall publish in our next number a carefully prepared paper on "The French Commune," by W. J. Linton, who has had favorable opportunities for an impartial review of the whole subject.

A FRIEND sends us "a few new subscribers to help the 'boiling pot.'" We wish many others may be as thoughtful, and not forget us during this "hot weather," persuaded that the pot will boil itself.